

The Fort Wayne Sentinel.

ESTABLISHED 1833.

SATURDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 13, 1886.

PRICE THREE CENTS

A SPICY!

Letter from Hon. Charles McCulloch.

He Chats with the President, Secretary Manning, and Other Distinguished Men.

His Views on the Administration, and Personal Observations at the Capital.

HON. CHARLES McCULLOCH

Rambles Among the Great Men at Washington.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 10, 1886.

To the Editor of THE SENTINEL:

Since I wrote last I have seen and talked with three men who, I think it can be safely said, stand at the head of the executive, the financial and the legislative management of the government. The first is, of course, His Excellency President Cleveland, the second Secretary Manning, and the third Senator John Sherman, president of the senate. The latter is so well known on account of his long and distinguished career as a public man that I know I can say nothing new about him. I saw him in the senate the day he spoke upon the rights of the senate to call upon the president for all information he might possess concerning the fitness and qualifications of appointees for office, and it is only necessary to say that when he talks senators listen as well as people in the galleries, for he is strong in argument and gives the subject all the careful thought and investigation that it may deserve. I saw him the same evening at a reception at his own home, standing beside his wife, with a cordial greeting for every one who came in. Here in stature he towers above the tallest, as he undoubtedly does in ability and experience over a majority of the senators in the senate. John Sherman ranks among the ablest men of the country as a legislator and financier. Our sister state can well be proud of her representative that she has kept so long in the upper house.

At his reception I had quite a pleasant talk with Lieutenant Greeley, of Arctic fame, and I also met Senators Harrison, Mahone, Everts and Manderson, Chief Justice Waite, a \$19,000,000 man, John B. Alley, and many other distinguished people. Rich and beautiful were the toilets of the ladies, but Mrs. Mahone, a handsome woman, made the great display of diamonds. In fact, my eyes were so dazzled and my mind occupied in estimating their value, that I almost forgot where I was. Since her husband, the senator, bravely fought on the rebel side, but finally went down in defeat, he must have been very fortunate as a money getter, for he lives in princely style and drives the finest span of horses in the city.

The voters of his state recently struck him a political blow between the eyes that staggers him for a time, and will soon end his senatorial career; but perhaps, like Banquo's ghost, he will not stay down any great length of time.

My father being always a welcome visitor at the treasury department, we did not have to wait long to see Mr. Manning after our cards were sent in.

I can readily understand why the president appointed his friend, Mr. Manning, secretary of the treasury since I have seen him. Except in the features of the face they are as much alike as Robson and Crane in the "Two Dromios." Mr. Manning strikes me as being a capable, self-reliant man. He is large, weighing not less than 225 pounds, is easy and pleasant in his manner, and while he does not find his position a bed of roses, he will undoubtedly be equal to every emergency that may occur. In addition to being an editor, and the managing politician in Albany, he was the president of the best bank in that city. With a capital of three hundred thousand, he has accumulated a surplus fund of \$450,000. He said to us that he wanted the country to have all the silver that could be used; that he was a bi-metalist, but he was opposed to one standard, and that silver instead of gold.

At the executive mansion we walked up the flight of stairs that have been trod by many presidents and by millions of politicians, office seekers and those like myself, anxious to see a president. My father recalled the sight he once witnessed, when the daughter of Mrs. Surratt laid upon the stairs, weeping and al-

most fainting, after seeking President Johnson in vain to spare her mother's life. The people then seemed to demand a sacrifice and Mr. Johnson believed Mrs. Surratt guilty with others in plotting the assassination of President Lincoln. But many, many times afterward did he regret that he did not relieve her from the death sentence, for, although she was intimately acquainted with the assassins, it was doubtful whether she was at all guilty of participation in that horrible deed.

From the general reception room, where many visitors wait, we passed through the cabinet room into the large oval red room, occupied most of the time by the president. Here he receives his visitors in the only democratic way, first come first served. As many were ahead of us I had a fine opportunity of watching him for at least half an hour, and know with what attention he listened to Senators Beck, of Kentucky, Voorhees, of Indiana, and several other members of congress, and how easily he turned any one off when he knew they were through or ought to be, and passed on to the next. Pleasantly and gracefully he received a party of ladies, and from a very thoughtful and serious expression of countenance he can break into a laugh so hearty that his whole manner shows that he thoroughly enjoys it. I told him I did not want to return to the banner democratic county of Indiana without being able to say I had seen the president, to which he replied: "I am glad you have called to see me," and had a pleasant word to say about my voting for a democratic candidate for president.

What a hard worked man he must be, I thought to myself, receiving hundreds of people every day, talking to them on all kinds of subjects, and at the same time having to consider and to be held responsible for all the vast executive business of this great country; abused by some of those who ought to stand by him, simply because he does not think as they do upon the silver or some other question; expected by some to change all the office-holders in one year, and censured by others because he makes changes as fast as he does; held responsible for the character and fitness of every office-holder, when he is frequently deceived by those upon whom he relies for recommendations, and ought to trust. Verily, a president's lot is not an easy one, and commencing with a change of party, his position is harder to fill than that of any president since Mr. Lincoln; but I feel confident that the party made no mistake when they selected him, and that his aim will be to keep his party true to the fundamental principles of government that kept it in power for so many years prior to the war. President Lincoln defined democracy to be: "The government of the people, by the people, for the people;" and Theodore Parker said it meant, "not I am as good as you are, but you are as good as I am." Verily, if the party assumes the name it ought to strive to realize its meaning. I believe President Cleveland will do all in his power to make it worthy of perpetuation.

CHARLES McCULLOCH.

A LIVING BAROMETER.

It is a well-known fact that several of our smallest animals are so sensitive to changes from heat to cold, and from dry to moist, that they foretell those changes some time in advance.

In the Smithsonian Institution's list of animals valuable to man, the tree-toad is mentioned as an excellent weather prophet, and I can testify to its power of foretelling the change in the weather. I have in my possession a paper-weight in the form of a bronze frog supporting upon its back a glass tube with a bulb at the bottom. Some months ago I was fortunate enough to catch a tree-toad, and, having heard of his ability as a weather-prophet, I put him into my glass tube and made from matches a small ladder so that he could climb up or down within the tube. I soon found that the approach of a change in the weather was always noticed by the little prisoner, who climbed toward the top whenever the air grew moist or before rain, and as invariably descended toward the bottom of the tube in advance of the coming of dry weather.—St. Nicholas.

Riddles.

A lady asked a gentleman his age. He replied, "What you do in everything." X. L. So does Taylor's Cherokee Remedy of Sweet Gum and Mullein excel over all other medicine for coughs, croup and consumption.

Speak only two letters and thus name the destiny of all earthly things. D. K. But many have died too early from a neglected cough or cold. If they had taken Taylor's Cherokee Remedy of Sweet Gum and Mullein in time it will prevent any evil results. It cures coughs, colds and consumption.

An Adding Machine.

It is announced that C. G. Spaulding, of Springfield, Mass., after twelve years of laborious application, has perfected an adding machine which is a marvel of ingenuity and precision. It is described by the Springfield Republican as cased in a wooden box about eight inches square and three deep. On lifting the cover the interior is seen to hold an enameled white surface on which are two dials, and which shows the brass keyboard in the lower left hand corner. The larger dial of the two is on the left of the machine, and is divided into 100 sections. The rim of the smaller dial is cut into twenty sections. The hand which moves about the first dial is called the unit pointer. That which moves about the smaller one is called the hundreds pointer. A little finger play on the brass keyboard makes the object of the dials and the reason of the pointers' names quickly understood. The keys on the board are numbered from one to nine, and are placed in regular order, but also in two rows—2, 4, 6 and 8 being above, and the odd numbers below. The key is a brass upright, and as the finger draws on it a spring allows it to slip back toward the lower end of the box. The pulling of each key on the board sends the unit pointer along on its journey around the dial as many points as there are units in the number of the key. Pull the 9 key, and the dial set at 0 goes to 9. Pull the same key again, and the unit pointer moves to 18. Pull the 1, 2, 3 keys now, and the pointer goes consecutively with a hop, skip and a jump to 24. When the unit pointer, keeping up its agile athletics, has reached its starting point again, there is a quick little motion on the right hand dial. The pointer then has "dotted and gone one." The machine's internal clockwork is claimed to be more accurate than a human hand can hope to be. It isn't troubled with malaria, nor is it ever larger in the morning than it was the night before. All the accountant has to do is to run his eye up and down the columns, pulling each respective key as he reaches the corresponding figure. A day is sufficient in which to learn the keyboard, and the motion of the hand quickly becomes almost involuntary. If the machine fulfills its promise it ought to be a boon to clerks in hunting for an elusive balance.

JOSEPH ARCH's democratic ways have led to the publication of some of the rules of etiquette observable in the British Commons. Arch, who has been an agricultural laborer and is now an agricultural trades-union agitator, appeared in the House dressed in a suit of tweed and wearing a low-crowned hat. This is not in form. The regulation dress is the solemn black and the headgear a "stovepipe." In his maiden speech he addressed the Speaker as "sir," and addressed some remarks to the members as "gentlemen." All remarks should be addressed to "Mr. Speaker." Some other members were also guilty of "bad form." They took off their hats when the "Black Rod" entered to summon the faithful Commons to the Lords. The rule is to wear the stovepipe even on the most solemn occasions—the receipt of a message from the Queen being the only exception—and even then Irish and Radical members wear their "stovepipes." The new members "clapped" when Mr. Gladstone entered. They should have "cheered." Mr. Arch, it may be mentioned, is not the only member who offends by wearing the "Darby." Several of the new Radicals have followed his example. Joe Cowen and Richard Lalor were the only "eccentricities" in this line in the old Parliament.

HOW URUGUAY BUTTER IS MADE.

One of the curious customs in the manufacture of butter. The dairymen pour the milk, while still warm, into an inflated pig or goat skin, hitches it to his saddle by a long lasso, and gallops five or six miles into town with the milk-sack pounding along on the road behind him. When he reaches the city his churning is over, the butter is made, and he peddles it from door to door, dipping out the quantity desired by each family with a long wooden spoon. Though all sorts of modern agricultural machinery are used on the farms of Uruguay, no amount of persuasion can induce the natives to adopt the wooden churn. Some of the foreigners use them, but the butter is said to be not so good as that made in this curious primitive fashion. Fresh milk is sold by driving cows from door to door along the principal streets and milking them into jars brought out by the customers.—Cor. Inter Ocean.

Demosthenes, the Grecian orator, cured his stammering by having his mouth full of pebbles, and many are the modern orators who have cured their hoarseness by an occasional dose of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup.

DEATH

Dealt Out to Two Railroad Men.

Ex-Governor Seymour Dies Peacefully at the Home of His Sister Last Night.

The Mississippi River Running High and Trouble Feared if the Flood Continues.

HORATIO SEYMOUR

Breathes His Last at His Sister's Home Last Night.

By Telegraph to THE SENTINEL.

UTICA, N. Y., Feb. 13.—Ex-Governor Seymour died at 10 o'clock last night at the residence of his sister, Mrs. Roscoe Conkling. He began to fail perceptibly at 4 o'clock yesterday. Shortly afterwards he rallied a little but soon relapsed into total unconsciousness. During his illness he experienced little, if any, physical suffering, and to-day he was wholly without pain. Mrs. Seymour, who is very ill, sat with her husband during the afternoon. Most of the time the ex-governor rested peacefully, and his condition could only be distinguished from natural sleep by the ashen pallor of his countenance and his labored breathing. At 8:30 he was sinking rapidly; his pulse could scarcely be counted and the respiration was more and more difficult. He expired without a struggle and as peacefully as if sinking to sleep. The beginning of ex-Governor Seymour's physical ailments dated from a sunstroke, which befel him in the summer of 1876, while he was at work on the roads of his town as pathmaster, an office which he was wont to say he had asked for. The immediate cause of his death was cerebral effusion, the usual process of death in old age.

CAME QUICKLY.

Two Men Killed in a Railroad Wreck.

By Telegraph to THE SENTINEL.

OSWEGO, N. Y., Feb. 13.—The limited express, which left Oswego last night at 8:45 on the Ontario and Western road, ran into a wash-out about a mile west of Liberty this morning. The engine, express car, baggage car and one coach were thrown from the track. George St. John, the engineer, and Fireman O. L. Lewis were killed. Three passengers were hurt.

THE CATTLE

Did not Suffer so Very Much.

By Telegraph to THE SENTINEL.

CHICAGO, Feb. 13.—According to a morning paper it does not appear that the cattle losses of the present winter in Texas, Kansas, Colorado, Dakota and Wyoming have been heavy. Reports from Texas show but losses of 5 per cent, from Kansas the number frozen during the late blizzard is put at 25,000 instead of 100,000, as has been stated heretofore; in Colorado, the losses are not over 2 per cent, and in Wyoming, 1 per cent.

THE RIVER HIGH.

The Mississippi in a Dangerous Way.

By Telegraph to THE SENTINEL.

ALTON, Ill., Feb. 13.—A disastrous flood is imminent along the Mississippi, unless the weather turns colder and locks up the overflowing streams now pouring into the Mississippi. The river is now almost at flood height, but the sides are solid with the ice gorge, in many places clear to the bottom. There is probably as much ice between here and St. Louis as was ever before known.

A GIRL

Is Almost Lynched by a Mob.

By Telegraph to THE SENTINEL.

MATTOON, Ill., Feb. 13.—Last night at 10 o'clock, at Windsor, Ill., Miss Georgia Aldridge narrowly escaped hanging at the hands of unknown parties. She was alone in the house and stepping out of doors was seized by the hands and feet and weighted down with bricks and hung up to die. She was accidentally discovered by her brother. She can give no account of the affair and only says, "Oh, that man, that man!"

Dalton's Case.

By Telegraph to THE SENTINEL.

COLUMBUS, O., Feb. 13.—The habeas corpus case of Dalton, clerk of the court of Hamilton county, under arrest for contempt of the house of representatives, was continued by the judge of the court of common pleas this morning, to a week from to-day.

A FAMILY COMFORT.

A good dictionary of the English language is a great comfort in a family. If there is any doubt about the meaning or the pronunciation of a word, let it be hunted up at once. A failure to know the full and correct definition of words leads to a slovenly manner of reading. How often do we find men who have the native talent and shrewdness for almost any business, upon being called on to read an article from a newspaper or book, do it so bunglingly that it makes a good reader feel unpleasant to hear it? Such pronunciation! Words that they have learned by observation to speak properly when conversing, you would think altogether different when they come to speak them in reading. As to pronunciation, it is of no use to them. They go over it all like a blind horse over a corduroy road—step so high as to be sure and clear it all. And this evil seems likely to continue, in some places at least, where schools are conducted on the most approved plans, with teachers possessing diplomas, and with no end of school books. A bright child will learn more at home in one evening, with the aid of a good dictionary, than it can in a week at a machine-school, where every sense save common sense is cultivated. The small abridged dictionaries don't amount to much, for if they do contain the words sought for, the definition is so much abridged that it often leaves the mind in doubt as to the proper place to use them.

GOVERNMENT OF WASHINGTON CITY.

The government of the District of Columbia has been, since 1874, in the hands of a commission appointed by Congress, which controls also the municipal affairs of the city of Washington. This commission, which is designated a "Board of Regents," consists of three persons, who are appointed by the President and confirmed by the Senate. Their term of office is four years, and they are removable for good and sufficient cause only. This board exercises the chief executive authority for District and city. Under its supervision are a number of bureaus, each controlled by a board of officers. These relate to and embrace the entire civil service of the District, except such as falls under the executive departments and the courts, and are known as the boards of health, education, police, exercise, public works, fire, and buildings. They are all appointed by the regents, except the Board of Education, part of whose members are elected by the inhabitants of the District; and the Board of Public Works, whose controlling officer is appointed by the President from the engineer corps of the army. All these officers have a certain tenure of office, but may be removed by the regents for cause. There is also a municipal court, which has exclusive civil jurisdiction in matters noncognizable by justices of the peace, and any judge of this court may be designated by the Supreme Court of the District to hold a term and sessions of the police court if necessary. The taxes of the city and District are apportioned by assessors chosen by the Board of Regents, and are collected under the supervision of the collector of internal revenue for the District, and by him are paid into the United States Treasury. All other sums collected, for fines, etc., are also paid into the United States Treasury, and all payment of salaries, etc., or for necessary municipal expenses, are made from the United States Treasury. Each year the Board of Regents makes a report to the President concerning their service for the year past, the application of public moneys, etc., and this report must be submitted to Congress for approval.—Inter Ocean.

A PARIS paper is getting nervous over the effect of Pasteur's renown. It says: Eleven persons who have been bitten by a mad wolf are now on their way from Southern Russia for treatment by M. Pasteur. We can not but view with some alarm this great influx of potential victims of rabies. What if some pilgrim from afar should not be able to reach M. Pasteur's laboratory before first symptoms had developed? There seems a chance that if ever an eastward-bound Atlantic steamer happens again to be delayed several days on her passage the boulevards might on her ultimate arrival be invaded by New Jersey men barking and foaming at the mouth; while the prospect of being snowed up on one of the Eastern railways with a consignment of Russians inclined without notice to snap at the calves of their fellow-passengers is something blood-curdling.

G. H. L.—You have lost the bet. Gold medals were awarded to St. Jacobs Oil at expositions in America, India and Australia.

EARTH!

Receives Gen. Hancock, the Superb.

Mrs. Hancock Kisses the Cold Hands and Forehead of Her Beloved Husband.

The Funeral Train to New York, Philadelphia, and the Last Resting Place.

TO THE GRAVE

Goes the Body of the Great Hancock.

By Telegraph to THE SENTINEL.

NEW YORK, Feb. 13.—Governor's Island was visited by a raging storm and is banked with a fog. Last evening everybody on the Island was allowed to enter the parlor in which General Hancock's body lay and take a farewell look.

This morning between seven and eight o'clock, the widow of General Hancock, accompanied by Mrs. Lieutenant Griffin, and Mrs. Boubevier, entered the room where the hero lay and took a parting look. Mrs. Hancock kissed her husband's hands and forehead, while tears fell fast. The coffin lid was then put in its place and a funeral wreath from the Philadelphia division of Loyal Legion was placed upon it. Six soldiers, bearing the black, cloth-covered bier, came into the room, and placing the coffin upon it, bore the body out of the house. The detachment of troops drawn up outside then moved down the winding path to the steamer Chester A. Arthur. The body was taken to Trinity church, and there it lay in state and was viewed by great crowds.

At ten o'clock the coffin was placed before the altar, the choir chanted "Lord let me know mine end." Rev. F. H. C. Goodwin read the lesson, the choir sang "Rock of Ages," and after the burial service and reading of the Lord's prayer the coffin was returned to the hearse.

At 11:50 the train with the body drew out of the depot. The near relatives were in the rear coach and the escort and others in the forward cars.

PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 13.—The Hancock funeral train arrived at the Fifty-second street station at 2:07 p. m.

NORRISTOWN, Pa., Feb. 13.—Preparations have been made to receive the body of Gen. Hancock at 2:30. All carriages in the city are engaged by the reception committee and Loyal Legion. Upon the arrival of the body at the vault it will at once be placed in the catacomb. The General's wife would have preferred St. Louis, but when his father died and the grand-son was buried here, the General's wish was to be laid beside them.

A special train bearing the remains of the late General Hancock arrived here at 2:50 this afternoon. The ceremonies here were carried out as arranged and the services at grave consisted simply of a salute of thirteen guns, followed by three salvos. The body was quietly placed in the catacomb by pall bearers, after which the mourners dispersed.

THE MARKETS.

By Telegraph to THE SENTINEL.

NEW YORK, Feb. 13.—Wheat, 1@1 1/4 higher. No. 2 red, January, 91@93 1/2. Corn, 1/2@1 1/4 lower. Mixed Western, 47@53c.

Money easy at 1 1/2@2 per cent.

CHICAGO MARKET.

CHICAGO, Feb. 13.—Wheat, 79 1/2@82c. Corn, 37 cash and Feb. Oats, 30 1/2 cash. Rye, 59. Barley, 60. Flaxseed, \$1 12 1/2. Whisky, \$1 16. Pork, easy, \$11 10 cash and February. Lard, \$6 10 cash and February.

GUMPPER

Tells You What Five Cents will Buy.

One qt. cranberries.
One qt. navy beans.
One qt. green peas.
One lb. dried apples.
One lb. new Turkish prunes.
One lb. Carolina rice.
Three boxes of Parlor matches, 200 in a box.
One lamp globe.
One large sifting box of bleaching.
One cake "Pride of the Kitchen" scouring soap.
One large cake toilet soap.
One package Babbitt's 1776 Washing Powder.
One cake Rising Sun stove polish.
One box shoe blacking.
One lb. pop corn.
One lb. starch.
One qt. sour kraut. Its ripe.
At the Keystone, 240 Calhoun street. 104

DR. BULL'S COUGH SYRUP

Cures Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Croup, Asthma, Whooping Cough, Influenza, Sore Throat, and all other ailments of the Throat and Lungs. It is a purely vegetable preparation, and is sold by all Druggists.

Chew Lunge's Plugs—The great Tobacco Anodyne—Price 10 Cts.—Sold by all Druggists.

Arrival and Departure of Trains

NEW YORK, CHICAGO & ST. LOUIS R. R.	
GOING EAST.	GOING WEST.
Ar. 1:30 pm	Ex. 1:50 pm
Ar. 6:10 am	Ex. 6:45 pm
PITTSBURGH, FT. WAYNE & CHICAGO R. R.	
GOING WEST.	GOING EAST.
12:30 pm—Lv. Mail and Ex. 1:00 pm	1:00 pm—Lv. Mail and Ex. 1:30 pm
5:05 pm—Fast Thru Ex. 5:30 pm	5:05 pm—Fast Thru Ex. 5:30 pm
1:15 am—Mail and Ex. 1:40 am	1:15 am—Mail and Ex. 1:40 am
5:10 pm—Plymouth Ex. 5:40 pm	5:10 pm—Plymouth Ex. 5:40 pm
5:00 am—Local Freight 5:30 am	5:00 am—Local Freight 5:30 am
*Daily. All others daily except Sunday.	

WABASH, ST. LOUIS & PACIFIC R. R.

GOING WEST.		GOING EAST.	
5:25 am—Lv. Limited Ex. 5:50 am	5:25 am—Lv. Limited Ex. 5:50 am	1:30 pm—Lv. Limited Ex. 2:00 pm	1:30 pm—Lv. Limited Ex. 2:00 pm
12:01 pm—Lafayette Ex. 1:30 pm	12:01 pm—Lafayette Ex. 1:30 pm	6:20 pm—Through Mail Ex. 6:50 pm	6:20 pm—Through Mail Ex. 6:50 pm
8:35 pm—Fast Mail Ex. 9:00 pm	8:35 pm—Fast Mail Ex. 9:00 pm	*Daily. *Except Sunday.	

Limited Express, free chair cars. Through Mail, Wagner sleeping cars between New York and St. Louis.

INDIANAPOLIS TIME CARD.

LV. FT. WAYNE.		AR. INDY.	
5:25 am	5:50 am	11:00 am	11:30 am
12:01 pm	12:30 pm	6:15 pm	6:45 pm
8:35 pm	9:00 pm	1:40 am	2:10 am
RETURNING.			
Leave Indianapolis at 7:35 am; arrive at Fort Wayne at 1:10 pm.		Leave Indianapolis at 2:35 pm; arrive at Fort Wayne at 7:50 pm.	
Leave Indianapolis at 11:30 pm; arrive at Fort Wayne at 6:50 am.		Leave Indianapolis at 11:30 pm; arrive at Fort Wayne at 6:50 am.	
*Daily. *Except Sunday.			

GRAND RAPIDS & INDIANA R. R.

GOING NORTH.		GOING SOUTH.	
5:45 am—Lv. Mail and Ex. 6:10 am	5:45 am—Lv. Mail and Ex. 6:10 am	1:30 pm—Lv. Mail and Ex. 2:00 pm	1:30 pm—Lv. Mail and Ex. 2:00 pm
12:01 pm—Through Mail Ex. 12:30 pm	12:01 pm—Through Mail Ex. 12:30 pm	6:20 pm—Through Mail Ex. 6:50 pm	6:20 pm—Through Mail Ex. 6:50 pm
*Daily. *Except Sunday.			

LAKE SHORE & MICHIGAN SOUTHERN.

FROM NORTH.		GOING SOUTH.	
10:45 am—Ar. Cincinnati Ex. 11:10 am	10:45 am—Ar. Cincinnati Ex. 11:10 am	4:40 pm—Lv. Detroit Ex. 5:10 pm	4:40 pm—Lv. Detroit Ex. 5:10 pm
3:40 pm—Ar. Detroit Ex. 4:10 pm	3:40 pm—Ar. Detroit Ex. 4:10 pm	11:30 pm—Lv. Detroit Ex. 12:00 am	11:30 pm—Lv. Detroit Ex. 12:00 am
*Daily. *Except Sunday.			

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

For your retailer for the Original \$3 Shoe, Beware of Imitations.

JAMES MEANS' \$3 SHOE.

Made in Button, Congress & Lace. Best Calf Skin. Unexcelled in Durability, Comfort and Appearance. A postal card sent to us will bring you information how to get this shoe. J. Means & Co., 125 N. 3rd St., Boston, Mass.

This shoe stands higher in the estimation of wearers than any other in the world. Thousands who wear it will tell you the reason if you ask them.

A BIG OFFER. To introduce our new Self-Operating Sewing Machine, we will give away 1,000 of them. If you want one send us your name, P. O. and Express office or THE NATIONAL CO., 21 Dey St., N. Y.

FOR COUGHS, CROUP AND CONSUMPTION USE TAYLOR'S "CHEROKEE" REMEDY

The sweet gum, as gathered from a tree of the same name, growing along the small streams in the Southern States, contains a stimulating expectorant principle that loosens the phlegm producing the early morning cough, and stimulates the child to throw off the false membrane in croup and whooping-cough. When combined with the healing, cathartic principle in the mullein plant of the old fields, presents in TAYLOR'S CHEROKEE REMEDY OR SWEET GUM AND MULLEIN the finest known remedy for Coughs, Croup, Whooping-cough, and consumption, and so palatable, any child is pleased to take it. Ask your druggist for it. Price 25 Cts. per bottle.

WALKER & TAYLOR, Atlanta, Ga.

OF SWEET GUM AND MULLEIN.

The sweet gum, as gathered from a tree of the same name, growing along the small streams in the Southern States, contains a stimulating expectorant principle that loosens the phlegm producing the early morning cough, and stimulates the child to throw off the false membrane in croup and whooping-cough. When combined with the healing, cathartic principle in the mullein plant of the old fields, presents in TAYLOR'S CHEROKEE REMEDY OR SWEET GUM AND MULLEIN the finest known remedy for Coughs, Croup, Whooping-cough, and consumption, and so palatable, any child is pleased to take it. Ask your druggist for it. Price 25 Cts. per bottle.

WALKER & TAYLOR, Atlanta, Ga.

DR. JAMES M. DINNEN, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

Office, 75 Calhoun Street.

Residence, 40 West Wayne Street.

The Daily Sentinel.

SATURDAY, FEB. 13, 1886.

THREE SUITORS;

—OR—

My Face is My Fortune,

—BY—

GEORGE W. AINSLEE, AUTHOR OF "HER LIFE'S ROMANCE," "THE ADOPTED ONE," "A MUTUAL WRONG," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XVII

It was fortunate for Fred's peace of mind that he had intuition of how Miss Denison was engaged when he called at her door a few hours later, and was informed that all the inmates of the house were out.

He scribbled a few lines on his card accepting the invitation, and then continued his way out of town—for he was having the important mission of having an evening dress sent to Constance.

The young lady whom he had failed to see was not very far away.

A few squares distant, her pretty pony-phaeton is drawn up close to the pavement, and she is talking eagerly to a gentleman who is no less a person than Mr. Charteris.

She was driving rapidly down the



SEE IS TALKING EAGERLY TO A GENTLEMAN WHO IS NO LESS A PERSON THAN MR. CHARTERIS.

street when she saw him sauntering under the trees, and having met him once or twice during the past few weeks at Monkston, she instantly conceived the brilliant idea of securing him for her evening's entertainment. It was the work of an instant to utter his name and draw up her carriage by the spot where he passed.

"How fortunate that I should meet you, Mr. Charteris!" she said, eagerly. "I was just thinking of sending a note to Scarfell, asking if you could come to a little dance at our house this evening. Pray don't say no, for in that case I shall feel sure that you scorn anything like provincial festivity."

"You are very kind, Miss Denison," was his reply, "and nothing would give me more pleasure than to accept your invitation if I were not intending to leave Cishorough to-night."

"But why should you leave it," said the young lady, "at least, until late? You mean, of course, that you are only going out to Scarfell, do you not?"

"I regret to say my meaning is that I am going to much more remote regions. I leave by the late express."

"Oh, but don't leave," said the young lady, pleadingly. "Is there any particular reason why you should? Can you not stay until to-morrow? Can I offer you no inducement to stay—not even a dance with Constance?"

Few things could have been more distasteful to Charteris than the arch expression which accompanied the last words; but they suggested a thought to him. He was debating the question mentally when Miss Denison stopped him, and her words suggested an immediate solution of it.

"You tempt me very much," and since there is no pressing reason for my going to-night, I think I shall defer my departure in order to accept your invitation. It will be a pleasant memory to carry away, as a close to my exceedingly pleasant visit to this part of the country."

Miss Denison was delighted, and expressed her delight frankly.

Then urging upon him that he must not change his mind she drove away, charmed with herself and with her power to grasp an opportunity.

"So glad to see you, my dear!" said Miss Denison, greeting Constance effusively, when the latter arrived, attended by Fred. "I have a pleasant surprise for you. By the most delightful, accident I met Mr. Charteris in the street this afternoon, and induced him to delay his departure—(of course you know he was intending to leave by the night express)—in order to be here to-night. Are you not heart broken at the thought of his going? I know I should be if he were my admirer."

Constance puts up her lip and her shoulder with pretty carelessness.

"Heart-broken!" she exclaimed. "That is very likely. Of course I am sorry Mr. Charteris is going; but some-

we shall manage to exist without him. Men may come, and men may go, and it isn't worth while to mourn over their coming and going. The evening, to a mistress, is a thing to be made the most of, and she is not to be trifled with. Without flattery, remember, I ask because I have not been very well to-day."

"I never saw you looking better," replied Miss Denison, with emphasis. "Your dress is so very becoming."

"I sent for it because it is the most becoming I have," said Constance, looking at herself approvingly.

Glad she was that she had sent for her prettiest toilette, that she did rub the color into her glowing cheeks, and summon light to the starry eyes that looked back at her from the mirror.

Her object was that nobody should be able to say she was mourning for Charteris; but now that she hears he is to be present, she is doubly anxious to look her best and to show her brightest.

"He said that I was under the impression he was gone," she thinks, with a sense of cordial gratitude to Fred for having made her come.

Fred, who was standing at the foot of the staircase, waiting for her in rather a dejected mood was altogether surprised by the tone of her voice when she came down and laid her hand on his arm.

"You have not asked for the first dance, Fred," she said; "but I suppose you want it?"

"I should think so, indeed!" he answered, quickly. "The waltz, or a set or two danced already, and we are rather late, you know. Come!"

The next moment they were in the room, his arm round her waist, and they were circling over the polished floor.

They had waited together so often, they knew each other's step so well, and the delight of both was so great in the exercise, that fatigue came to neither; and so, when Charteris arrived some time later, the first sight that met his eye was Constance's flushed, radiant face over Fred's shoulder as she was borne round and round in the swift, intoxicating whirl.

What a sight that sight conveyed to his self-love it is difficult to express.

"She thinks that I have gone—gone, too, without a word of farewell; and this is how much she cares!" he thought. "Is it possible that I have been the sport of a heartless flirt? What a fool—a consummate fool I have been! Why, from present appearances, she may very likely marry March to-morrow, and I shall have gained nothing at all! By Jove! she has a steady head!"

This tribute of admiration was involuntarily wrung from him by the recollection of how many women in the course of his extensive experience had proved to him that the reverse of steady heads were to be feared.

And this girl could be subjected to all the dangerous fascinations of his society—could hear his declarations of passion—and then, with blooming cheek and laughing eyes, could dance with such enjoyment on the night of his departure!

As he watched her, and his gaze followed the graceful figure and the flower-crowned head, he was torn by so many conflicting feelings that he could scarcely reply to the remarks of his hostess.

It was with him the old, old story of his life—that which is given loses its value, while that which is beyond reach seems priceless.

Had Constance shown any intention of returning his passion, he would scarcely have lingered for further unpleasant complications; but her apparent indifference stung him to his keenest determination to win the avowal he desired to hear.

What Fred Osborne's sentiments were, when, having placed Constance in a seat at last, he stood fanning her, and chanced to glance across the room, only to perceive the well-known face of the man whom he believed to be many miles away by this time, it would be vain to say. A cloud came over his whole gaze, and with a voice which would have been a voice of triumph, he said to himself, "Constance was the matter, he said, 'Why, yonder is Charteris! Did you expect to see him here?'"

"Is it probable that I did," she asked, quietly, "when you told me this afternoon that he was gone?"

"I told you what he said," was Fred's reply; "that he was going."

"And I had no reason to doubt it," answered she. "I was quite surprised when Charteris told me when she went to the dressing room with me, that she had met him in the afternoon, and persuaded him to remain for the evening."

"He was not hard to be persuaded, I imagine," said Fred, with intense bitterness of feeling. "I don't believe he ever meant to go."

"You may have meant to go, and change his mind," said Constance, carelessly, feeling impatient at his manner of speaking; while Fred, felt much aggrieved at her exclamation, and all his ideas were again thrown into confusion.

As he saw Charteris advance across the floor, he put Constance's fan abruptly into her hand.

"I had better go," he said. "You won't need me any more."

Something like a gasp came into her eyes as she glanced quickly up into his face.

"You are foolish and utterly unreasonable," she said. "Whose fault is it that I am here? But go by all means, if you like. I confess I am tired of jealousy and ill-nature."

Permission being thus given him to go, Fred Osborne naturally did not take advantage of it, and he was still holding his place, looking irresolute and lowering when Charteris approached.

"How glad I am to meet you here to-night, Miss Melford!" he said, with his easy grace. "I was on my way to bid you farewell this afternoon, when Miss Denison stopped me, and persuaded me to defer my departure until to-morrow by holding out the hope that I should see you to-night."

His transparent unframed manner, his conventional words might veil anything or nothing, Fred felt; but to Constance his eyes were sufficiently intelligible in their message when she met them. If her own expression anything, however, it was the same careless indifference which filled her voice when she said, putting her slender fingers into the hand he extended, "I am a little surprised to see you. Fred told me this afternoon that you had gone."

"A very natural conclusion on the part of Mr. Osborne," said Mr. Charteris, looking at Fred with a sort of amused expression. "I made my adieu at Monkston, expecting to leave; but since I was so unfortunate as not to find you there, I certainly could not have been so neglectful as to leave Cishorough without seeing you, so I deferred my departure to a later train, and Miss Denison prevailed on me to postpone it till to-morrow. Now may I beg for a dance?"

Agreeing freely, unknowingly, and certainly unintentionally, he had served his rival's interest well. Were he not standing by, it was probable that Constance might have refused this request, although it was accompanied by an entreating glance from eyes that well knew how to entreat; but to refuse it were to acknowledge that something existed between Charteris and herself beyond the pale of conventional intercourse.

She hesitated an instant, then rose, not able to tell whether she regretted most the necessity for so doing, or whether she was most glad that circumstances had forced upon her this last task of love's bitter sweetness.

Half an hour later the dance was over, and Charteris's opportunity had come. In the dusky dimness of a summer night, at the remote end of the balcony, with fragrance and music filling the air, what fitter place or more suggestive surroundings could be found for a lover's passionate pleading? And his pleading was very passionate, for everything united to make the thrill of (which can never be mistaken or simulated) earnestness in his voice. It seemed to him that the summer starlight never shone upon a fairer woman than she who sat beside him, so near that he saw the trembling motion of her hand as she listened.

For she did listen, and as Charteris grew more eloquent, more urgent, he remembered that "the woman who listens generally yields."

"Does he wish this woman to yield to his suit?" mused Charteris. At this moment he definitely decided.

All other considerations have faded from his thoughts, forced into the background by the strength of a passion which, whether or not destined to be lasting, assuredly now deserves the name of love.

And Constance, conscious of the trait or within the fortress of her heart, felt that the struggle was too great for her, that the temptation was beyond her power of resistance. Even the tail-man "honor" seemed to have failed.

She sat and listened like one under a spell.

"You do not deny that you care for me," said Charteris at last, exultantly, "and what is not denied is partly owned. My beloved, will you not own it in words? Will you not tell me that I have won your heart, and trust me that I will find the means to claim it, and this?"

He took her hand as he uttered the last word, and she did not withdraw it; but although it remained in his grasp, it was not with the yielding softness with which some hands surrender themselves; but it was instinct, as he felt, with nervous energy, that, like electricity, thrilled the slight fingers to the tips.

"I should despise myself if I told you that," said the girl at last. "You have no right to ask it of me. You should not press me in such a manner. If I am weak, if I imply a great deal by merely listening, you ought to be content with that. You ought to go, and only ask the rest when you can ask it with honor. And if that time never comes, why then—"

"I am not sure of that," he said, "as I am natural at your age; and with your capabilities, we will say, it is very natural that you should love pleasure, excitement, and admiration. Don't imagine, from my saying this, that I think you vain," he added, speaking more quickly than usual, as he saw a slight flush spreading over her cheeks and brow. "I never knew any woman whom I considered less so. All I mean is that it would not be strange, if you should find your quiet home life a little dull after such a brilliant round of gaiety; in fact, it will be very strange indeed if you do not find it so."

"I have a better opinion of myself than to fear I shall," she answered, laughing. "I am fond of confessions sometimes, but I should not like to live on them entirely; and one might as well do that, as lead a life of dissipation all the time."

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"Yes," she said; "of course everybody has different tastes, and so their pleasures are different. But there is nothing so exhilarating as the waltz, I am sure. Is there any physical exertion which gives as much pleasure to others as waltzing does to those who are passionately fond of it? Oh, I can't think so!"

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Had the girl remained at home, there was every probability that, by the mere concentration of thought upon her absent lover, she would have drifted into the deep waters of a *grande passion*; but Mrs. Farquharson, with a profound distrust of that gentleman, determined that he should be "put out of her head," and in a certain measure she succeeded in that desirable end.

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They met, these two, with the cordial ease of old friends, for there was too much simplicity and sincerity in both for their regard to be diminished or constrained by the recollection of what had passed between them.

The gentleman smiles as he takes the slender hand, and looks into the frank, sweet face uplifted to his own.

"I have come to bid you welcome," he said. "If you had known how much we have missed you, I think you would hardly have stayed so long. Yet we were not so selfish but that we were glad to hear of your pleasure; and no one was more glad than I."

"I am sure of that," she answered, with a grateful, eager accent. "No one has ever been more kind than you. And I have had a great deal of pleasure; so much so, that I felt as if I ought to allow some other girl to share it. It is not fair that one should have so much."

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"Is it not? Well, there are many things that are more unfair in this world. I confess that I am quite satisfied that you should have your pleasures with several other girls. But tell me about your triumphs and dissipations. Have they spoiled you altogether? Are you able to take up the old life and be content?"

"I think I can," she answered. "It seems to me that I should be a very poor person if I could not."

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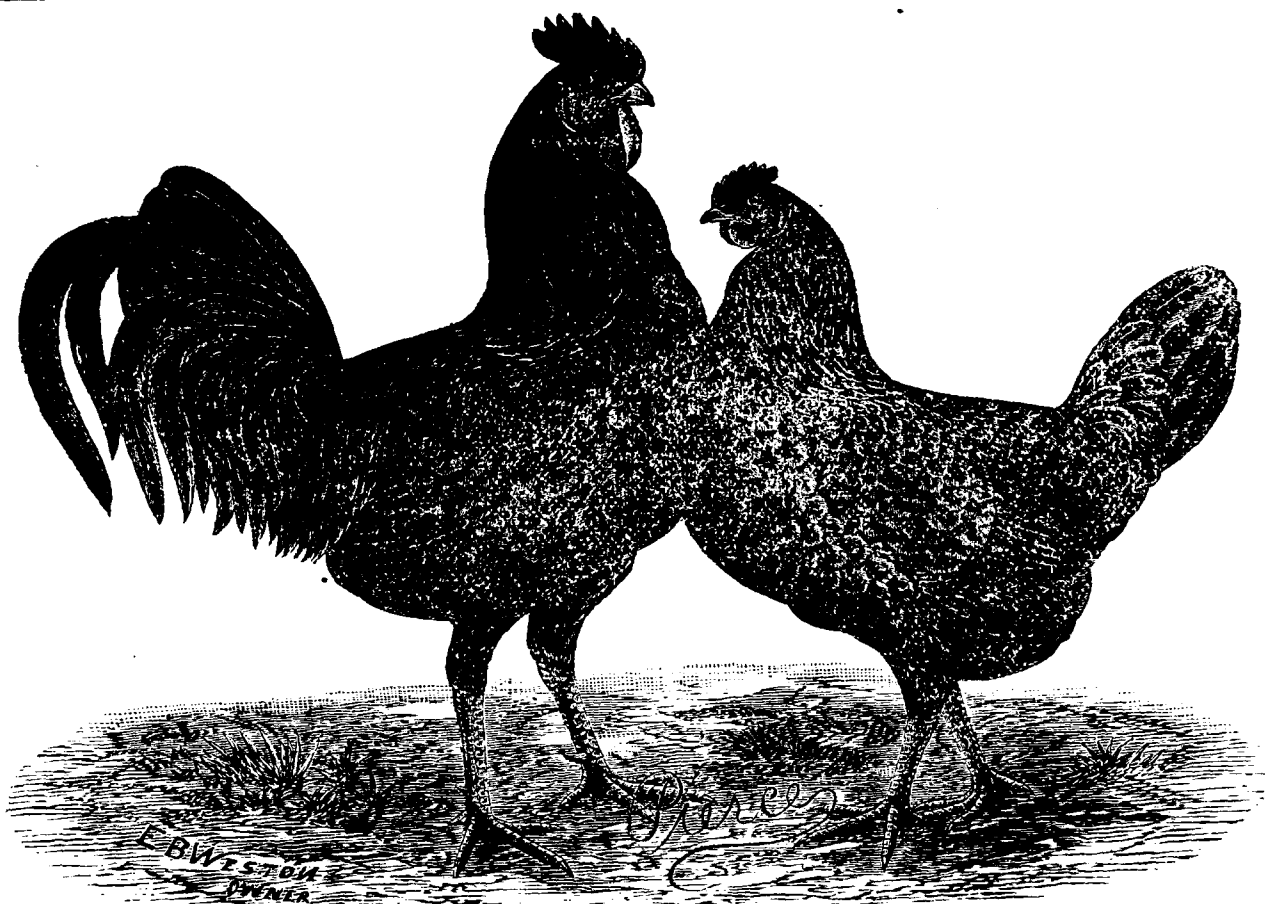
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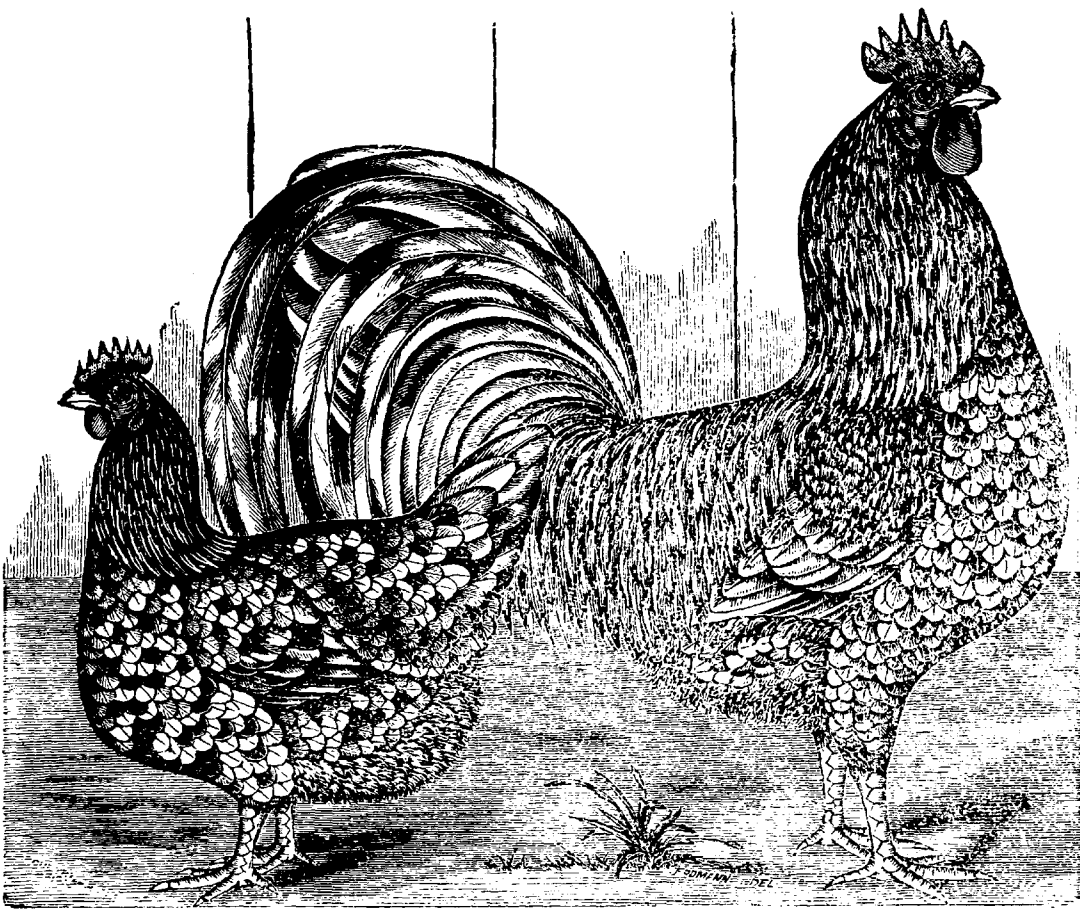
"Don't you like Germany, Major March?" she said, suddenly recalling her thoughts from the reminiscences to which they were straying. "I don't remember ever to have seen you there; and yet you are so fond of it, that I am sure you would dance well."

"My dancing days are over long ago," he answered.

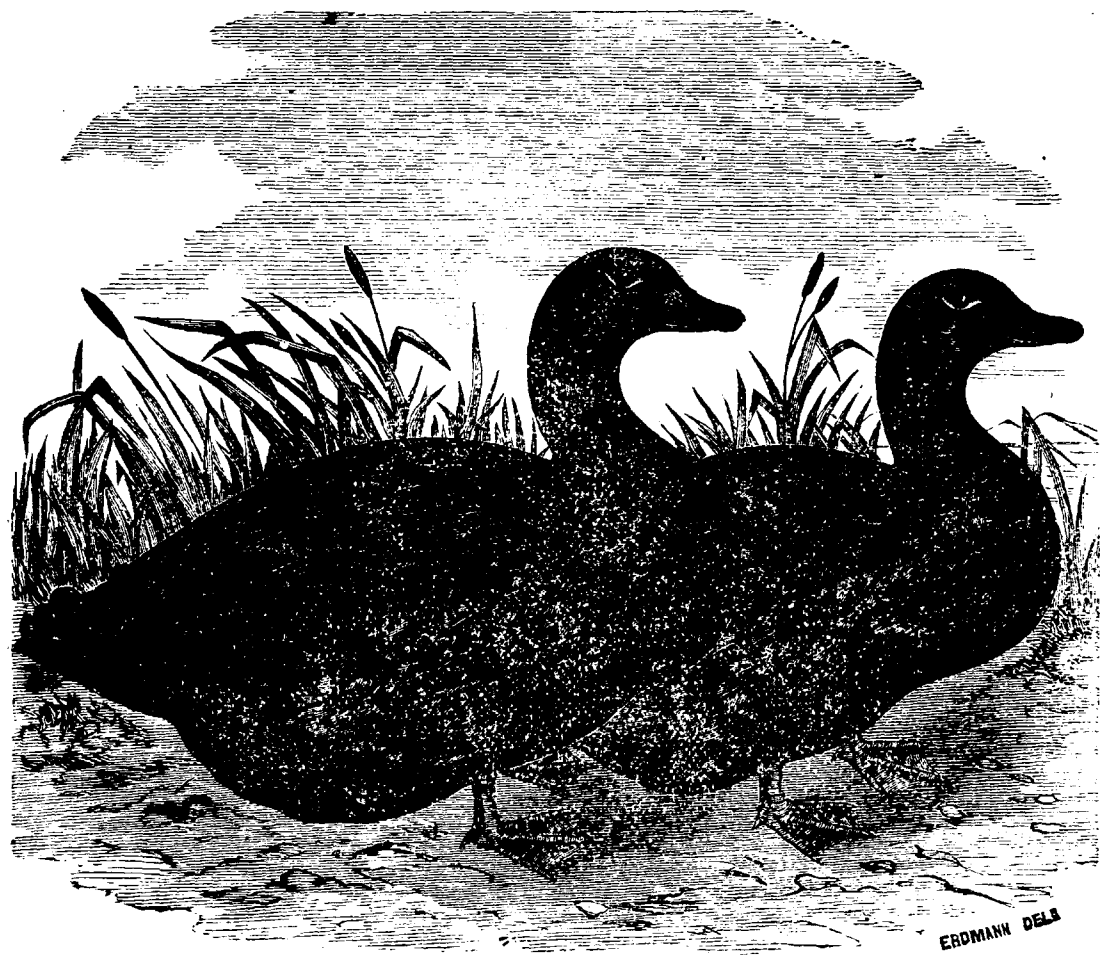
"How much pleasure you miss!" she exclaimed, with such genuine commiseration that he laughed and said, "He



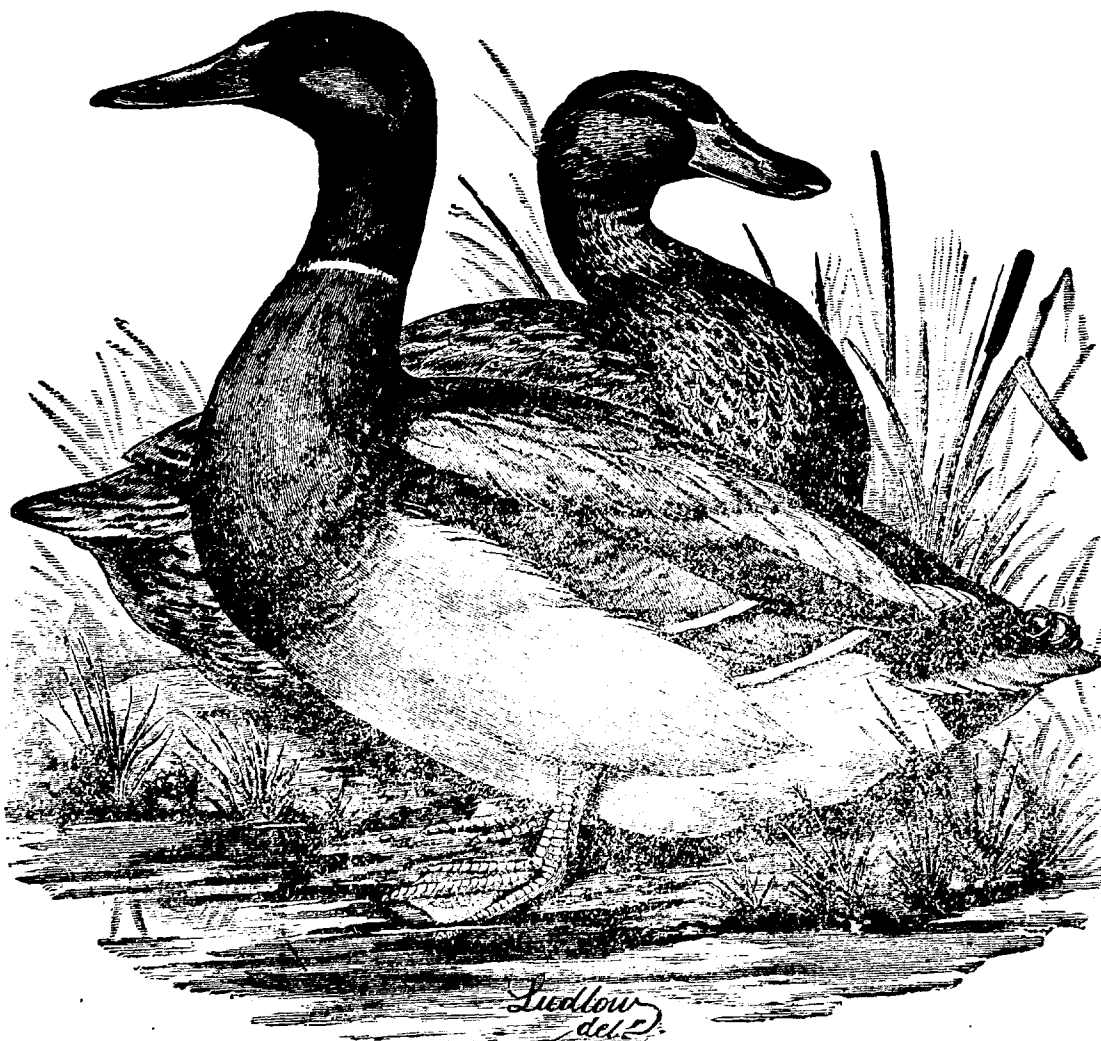
BROWN LEGHORNS.



MOTTLED JAVAS.



CAYUGA DUCKS.



ROUEN DUCKS.

UNIQUE WASHINGTON RESIDENCES.

Joaquin Miller's Log Cabin and Haywood's Airy Castle.

(Special Correspondence.)
WASHINGTON, Feb. 10.—There is one man in the capital who is gradually rising. Though he now finds himself at night on a plane far above his fellow townsmen it is a question whether his ambition is as yet satisfied. He is Mr. A. B. Haywood, who fills a position in the pension office. When a soldier from New Hampshire, during the late war, his left arm was taken away by a shot nearly to the shoulder. Since then he has had more or less pain in the part left after amputation, and has discovered that he suffers less when removed some distance from the ground. He first built a cot four feet above ground, later still he erected one twelve feet from the ground which was very picturesque. The predatory inroads of tramps and negroes gave great annoyance. So he bought a plot of undulating land covered with oaks, and proceeded to build a habitation lofty enough to satisfy the most aspiring.



AIRY CASTLE.

His present habitation is called Airy Castle. It is situated on a hill about three miles north of the Capitol. From this hill a magnificent view of Washington, the Potomac and the Virginia mountains may be obtained. As will be seen by the picture a platform has been built away up in the trees, with supports extending from the ground. Below one portion of the platform hangs one apartment, the cellar or basement as it were to his home. A steep but strong stairs leads up to the platform, which is forty by seventy feet, and is forty feet above the nearest point of ground below. The first thing one realizes after the trap door closes which covers the top of the stairway is the solidity of the whole structure. The planks in the platform are narrow like those on the deck of a ship. The bracing air, the sound as if the wind was whistling through the rigging and the shipshape way in which everything is designed about the place suggests steamship cabin life. The curious shaped building at the left of the illustration is a bedroom about ten by sixteen feet, with the corner angles cut off. The high-pitched roof is covered with canvas over boards; there is no window and but one door, but it is as snug and warm within as one could wish. All around the sides lockers extend from raves to floor, as in a ship's cabin, giving the little room increased warmth, as well as furnishing closets.

From one of the houses on the platform a stair leads to the lower story. This is a kitchen dining room, neatly finished, carpeted and papered. Canvas and other water proof materials are tacked close about the exit and entrances of the old oak to keep out the cold air and moisture. The shaggy limbs are convenient hanging places for a quantity of housekeeping tiggery and clothing and chairs, tables and chests, dishes and tools complete the furnishing of this strange habitation, suspended like Mahomet's coffin between heaven and earth. We see no little touches indicating woman's presence here, no traces of feminine adornings or knick-knacks. Windows look out on a broad expanse of country, and the feeling is that of being in an anchored balloon. "Far from the madding crowd," Mr. Haywood is a bachelor. His only companion in Airy Castle is a male colored servant.

Joaquin Miller's Cabin.
Another of the aesthetic houses of Washington is the log cabin of Joaquin Miller, the "Poet of the Sierras." The exterior and the interior of this comfortable cabin are an exact counterpart of similar homes in the west. Miller is an authority on all the usages of frontier life, and here he endeavors to carry them out.



THE CABIN.

This log cabin is built on Meridian hill, outside Washington. The view from it is not to be excelled, and should gratify the most exacting poet's soul. From the well sweep out doors to the unwept corners of the interior everything suggests frontier life. There is the latch string on the outside and the big wooden button on the inside of the door. The floor has neither carpet nor mats, but rugs of fur. The broad bed as well as a lounge is covered with the skins of wild animals. The room is warmed by a log fire burning in an open brick fireplace. On the shelf over the mantle are a few indications of civilization in the shape of photographs of personal friends. A tallow dip and a little iron clock together with some pipes are the only bric-a-brac the mantle affords. The table on which the poet works is a plain wooden one without a covering of any kind. It is the most important piece of furniture in the house, for its broad surface becomes at times a writing place, for everything movable while the poet sits straight and strong legs is harbored a collection of old boots and shoes such as can be found in the "repair" corner of a cobbler's shop. At the side of the table which the author usually occupies a furrow is plowed in the floor, and a shoe collection by its feet when he stretches his little and poetic legs. Mr. Miller seems to enjoy the best of health here, and if it were not for a slight hab in his step could not be said to have lost any of his early vigor, a result which he claims is due to his not exposing himself to the unhealthy homes which are the product of our civilization.

FERRY BARTON.



Endorsed by the leading Hotels in the Country.
Approved by the Government Chemists for the Indian Commission.
MARTIN KALBFLEISCH'S SOY.
Established 1882. NEW YORK.



10-wed&sat8mo

CITY TREASURER'S SALE.
By virtue of a precept ordered by the common council of the city of Fort Wayne, directed to the treasurer of said city, in obedience to said precept I have levied upon the east 37 1/2 feet of lot numbered twenty-six (26) in Chute's Homestead addition to the city of Fort Wayne, Indiana, to make the sum of eighteen dollars and seventy-five cents (\$18.75) with interest and cost thereon accrued and to accrue. I will sell the east 37 1/2 feet of said lot, or part thereof, to pay said claim, at public auction at the city court rooms of said city, on Wednesday, the 24th day of February, 1886, between the hours of 10 o'clock a. m. and 4 p. m. of said day, to satisfy the claim of William Horstman, by him assigned to Wm. Moellering for constructing a 4-foot double ring brick sewer on Walton avenue, in front of or near said lot. To be sold as the property of Henry Brandmiller.
HENRY C. BERGHOFF,
City Treasurer.
Jan 31, 1886-3-3w

CITY TREASURER'S SALE.
By virtue of a precept ordered by the common council of the city of Fort Wayne, directed to the treasurer of said city, in obedience to said precept I have levied upon lot numbered 15 Lewis' addition to the city of Fort Wayne, Indiana, to make the sum of thirty-six dollars and fifty-four cents (\$36.54) with interest and cost thereon accrued and to accrue. I will sell said lot or part thereof, to pay said claim, at public auction at the city court rooms of said city on Wednesday, the 24th day of February, 1886, between the hours of 10 o'clock a. m. and 4 p. m. of said day, to satisfy a claim of Jos. Derheimer, assignee of W. Moellering for constructing an 18-inch clay pipe sewer in the alley in the rear of or near said lot. To be sold as the property of Frederick F. Nide.
HENRY C. BERGHOFF,
City Treasurer.
Feb. 1, 1886-3-3w

Florida Orange Groves.
Parties seeking homes and Orange Groves in healthy locations in Florida at from \$1,000 to \$30,000 will serve their own interests by sending to my address for a printed circular, described Orange Groves and residences in all parts of that state. If you wish a town lot \$25,000 in the beautiful town of Palmetto at \$15 send also for a circular. Some of the best bargains in the state.

MARTIN DUNN,
Jacksonville, Fla.
Carlton House,
Dec 24-4w1m

GET IN BEFORE IT IS TOO LATE.

A \$40,000 stock to be disposed of at Half its Original Value.

Having purchased the stock of the late L. Schirmer & Co. for 4C cents on the dollar we can well offered to make prices never before heard of in the clothing business.

ROTHSCHILD BRO'S.,
27 CALHOUN STREET.

AMUSEMENTS.

A CADEMY OF MUSIC.

BRADY & GARWOOD, Lessees and Managers
C. B. RULEY, Business Manager

MONDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 8.
ONE WEEK.

Maxwell's Spectacular
Uncle Tom's Cabin Co

The grand old drama with magnificent scenery and so-stellar effects original, new and novel. The Prismatic Fountain, the Bower of Butterflies, the Recording Angel, Cobweb Grotto, the Bower of Roses, Eva Descending from the Clouds, the Silver Lined Clouds, drop concluding with the tower of Elysian.

PRICES - - 10, 20 and 30c

Matinees Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday. Ladies and children admitted to any part of the house for 10 cents.

Reserved seats, one week in advance, at Woodward's drugstore, without extra charge.
Next week two grand companies: Feb. 15, 16, 17, Heryes' Bad Boy; Feb. 18, 19, 20, Hards and Vaucier's Brave Woman.

MASONIC TEMPLE.

J. H. SIMONSON, Manager
F. E. STODDER, Treasurer

ONE NIGHT ONLY!
WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 17.

Fresh from Triumphs in New York, Boston, Philadelphia and Chicago.

The Favorite Metropolitan Comedian,
J. B. POLK

Supported by his own Comedy Company under the management of Frank G. Colter, presenting the whimsical and satirical comedy written expressly for him by Dr. T. H. Sayre, entitled

"MIXED PICKLES!"
Prices—75, 50 and 25c. Box office opens Monday morning at 10 o'clock.

PRINCESS SKATING RINK.
Corner of Main and Fulton streets.

SATURDAY EVENING, FEB. 13.
POLO GAME / RESERVES VS. PRINCESS TEAM.

Ladies admitted free.
Monday and Tuesday evenings, Feb. 15 and 16.

The Great Roziskskeys, Blanche and Will, Double Fancy Skaters. Said by the press to be the finest on the road.

FOOTE & O'CONNOR, Props.

METROPOLITAN THEATER.
T. E. MACK, Sole Proprietor.

PRICES REDUCED!
All seats down stairs ten (10) cents.

The Daily Sentinel.

SATURDAY, FEB. 18, 1896.

FANCY BIRDS

Displayed by the Northern Indiana Association.

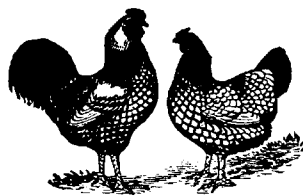
The Choicest Fowls are Pictured and the Good Points of the Exhibition Painted.

A Great Show.

This is the tenth annual exhibition of the Allen County Poultry Association and the extent, variety and excellence of the feathered fowls displayed denotes its healthy growth. A chicken



show has not all of the attractive qualities of a dime show, nor has it the novelty of a circus or horse race; yet the business requires as much study, wisdom and ingenuity as any of the peaceful pursuits. In Fort Wayne and vicinity much of a taste for fancy fowls has developed itself and by perseverance and



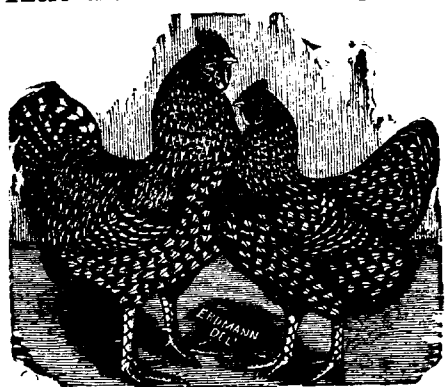
careful work a few fanciers have reared some of the finest birds ever put before the eye of a judge. To most people a chicken is a chicken, and little do they dream how difficult it is to create and develop a distinct specie. Peep at the monstrous, good-natured Light Brahma and the restless silver Sea bright Bantam; take the hardy Plymouth Rocks and the delicate Leghorn, the Dark Brahma and the Wyandottes or Partridge Coochin and the wicked



Game and mark how keenly, how distinctly and how marvelously different nature has penciled each. Then weigh them, size them up and they grow wondrous.

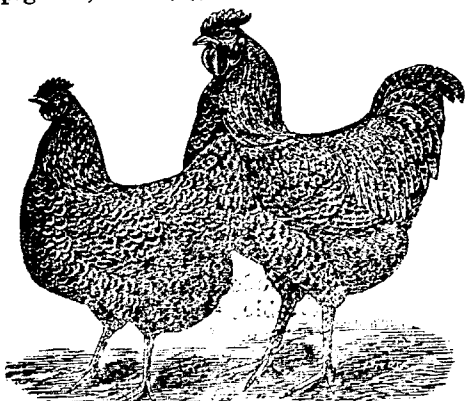
This business is not all for show, but for money. There is a fortune in the traffic if it is handled, and according to statistics in the poultry department of the *American Farmer*, of this city, none of the special peaceful pursuits has surpassed the poultry business in a remunerative way.

There are varieties about a poultry

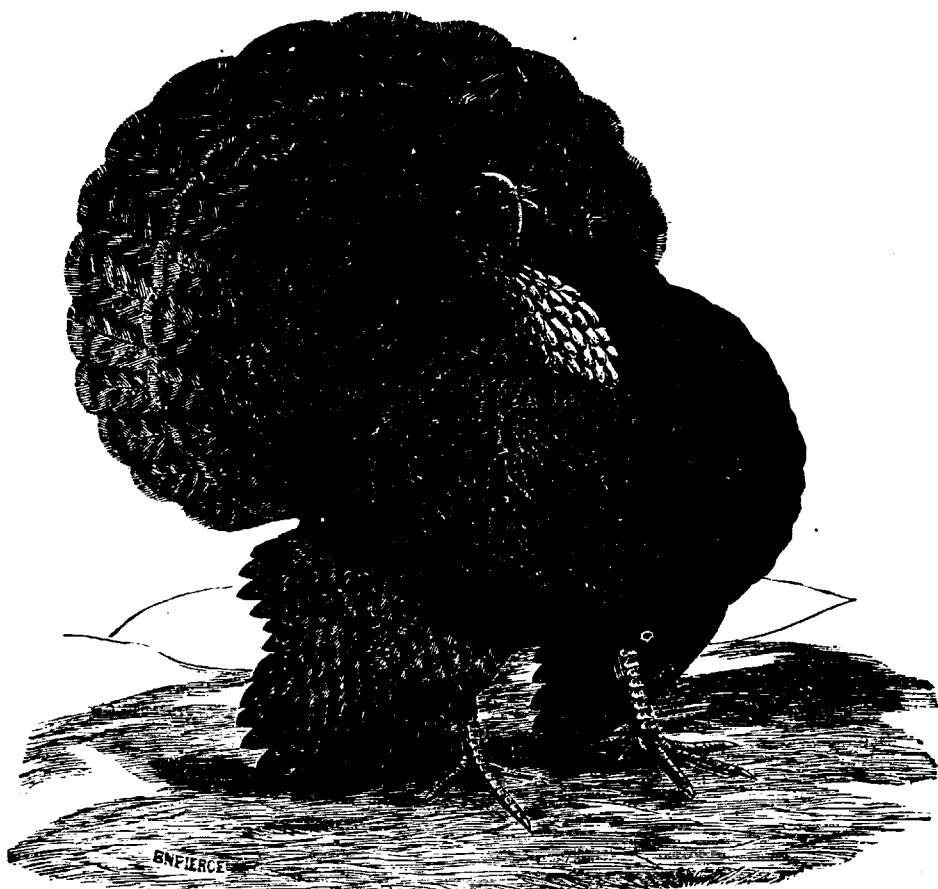


show, and to men in the business the present exhibition is a veritable Paradise. Ladies come in great numbers. Their little children go into ecstasies over the Bantams, pet the Brahmans and Cochins as they would a doll. Other birds are noted chiefly for their plumage, and every feather is tinted as by a master hand. This word-painting wears one. To read it alone would scarcely hold his attention, but with characteristic enterprise THE SENTINEL presents faithful pictures of some of the favorite fowls, and on whose coops the red premium cards are tacked.

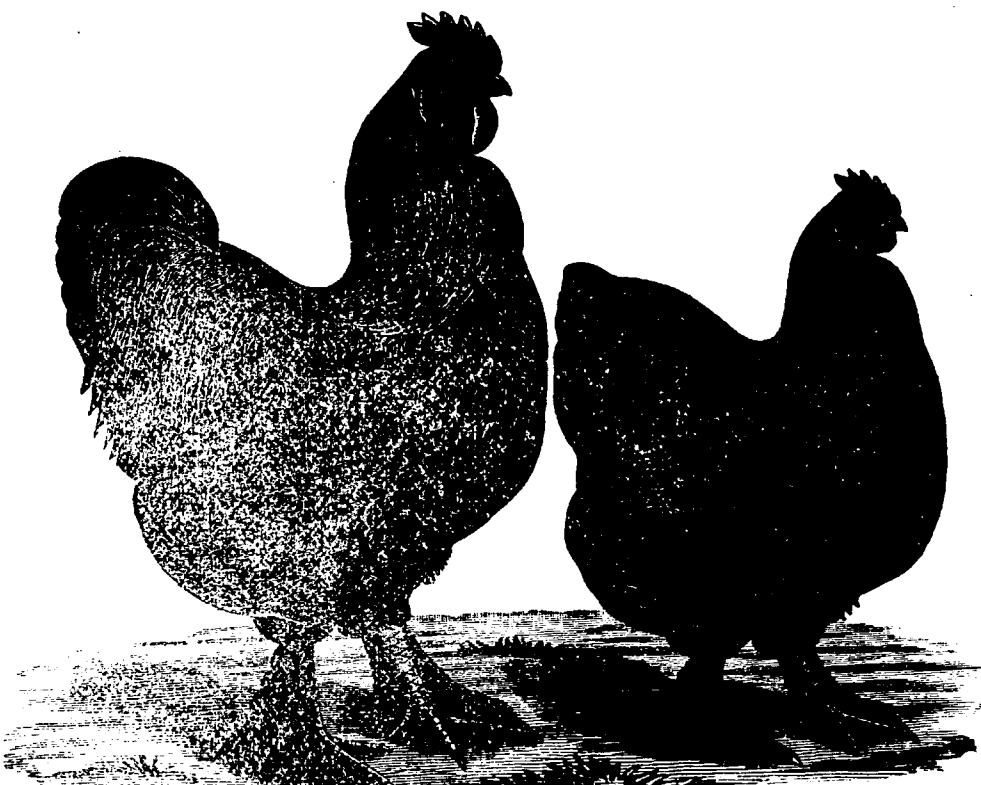
Besides the poultry exhibited, rabbits, pigeons, ducks, geese and turkeys are



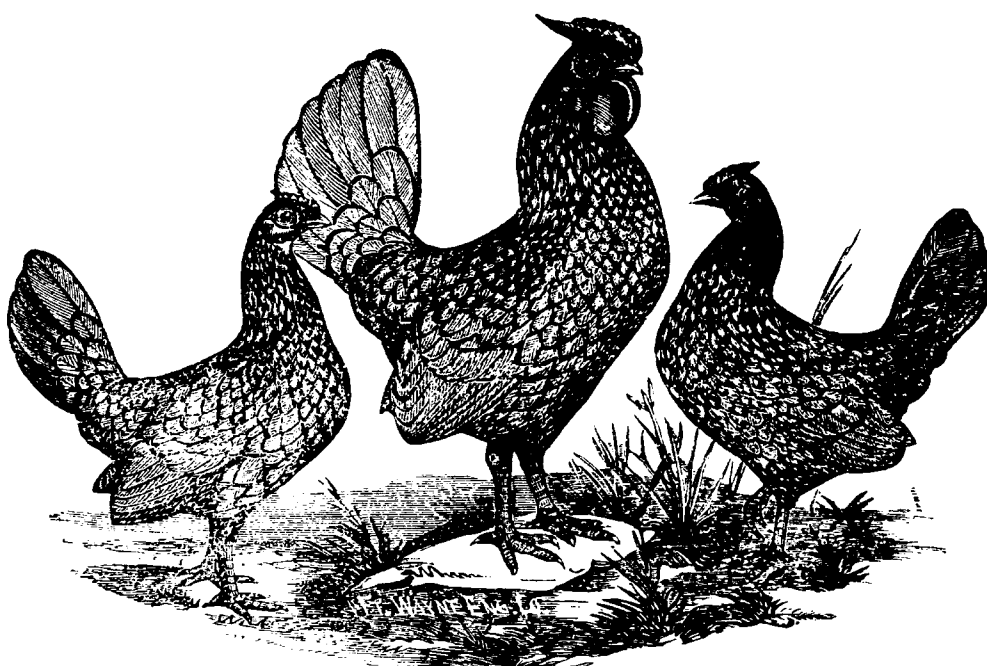
caged for the gaze of the curious, and a few of these are presented in picturesque style for the satisfaction of THE SENTINEL readers, who can cosily sit by their fire-side and dream themselves into the very midst of the greatest exhibition of fine feathered birds on record here.



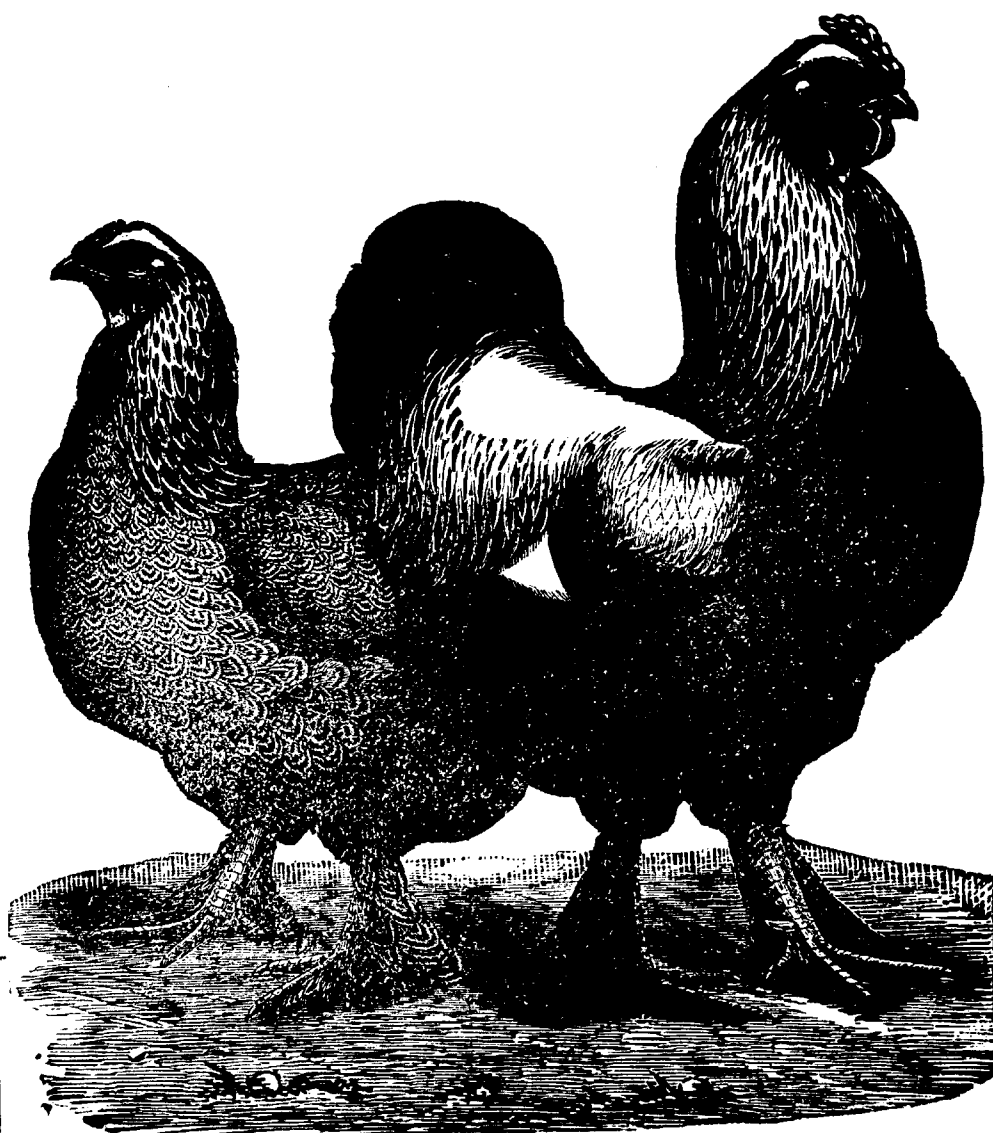
BRONZE TURKEY.



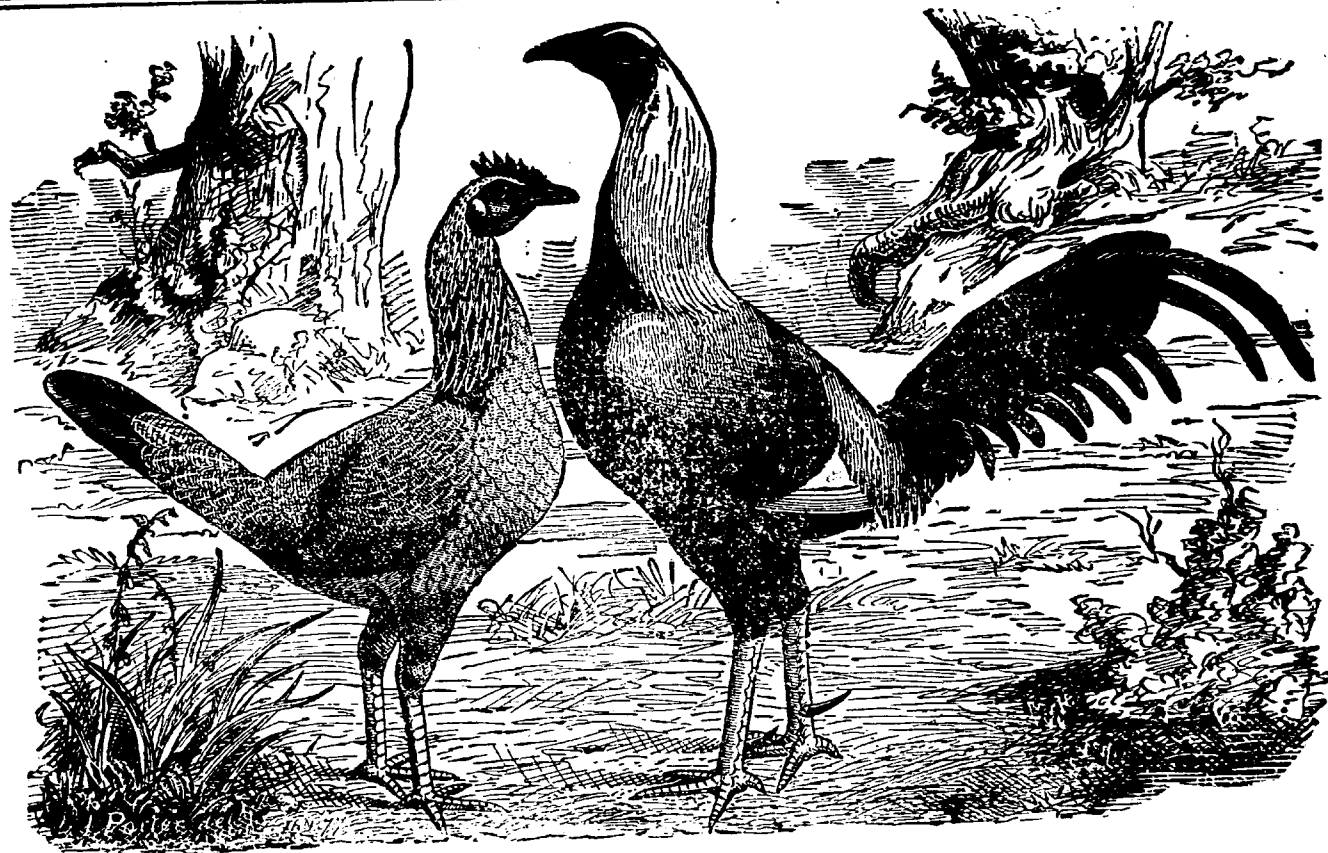
BLACK COCHINS.



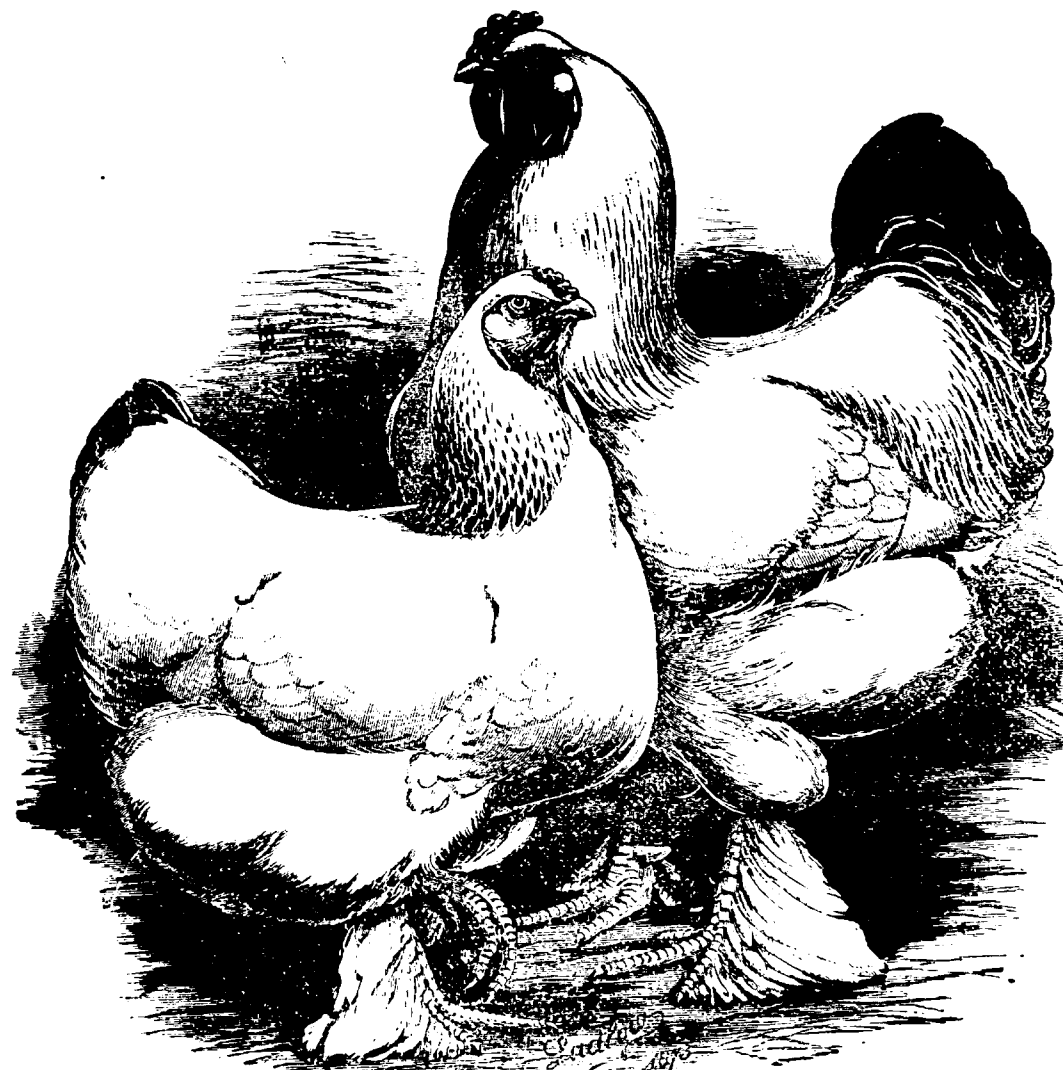
GOLDEN SEBRIGHT BANTAMS.



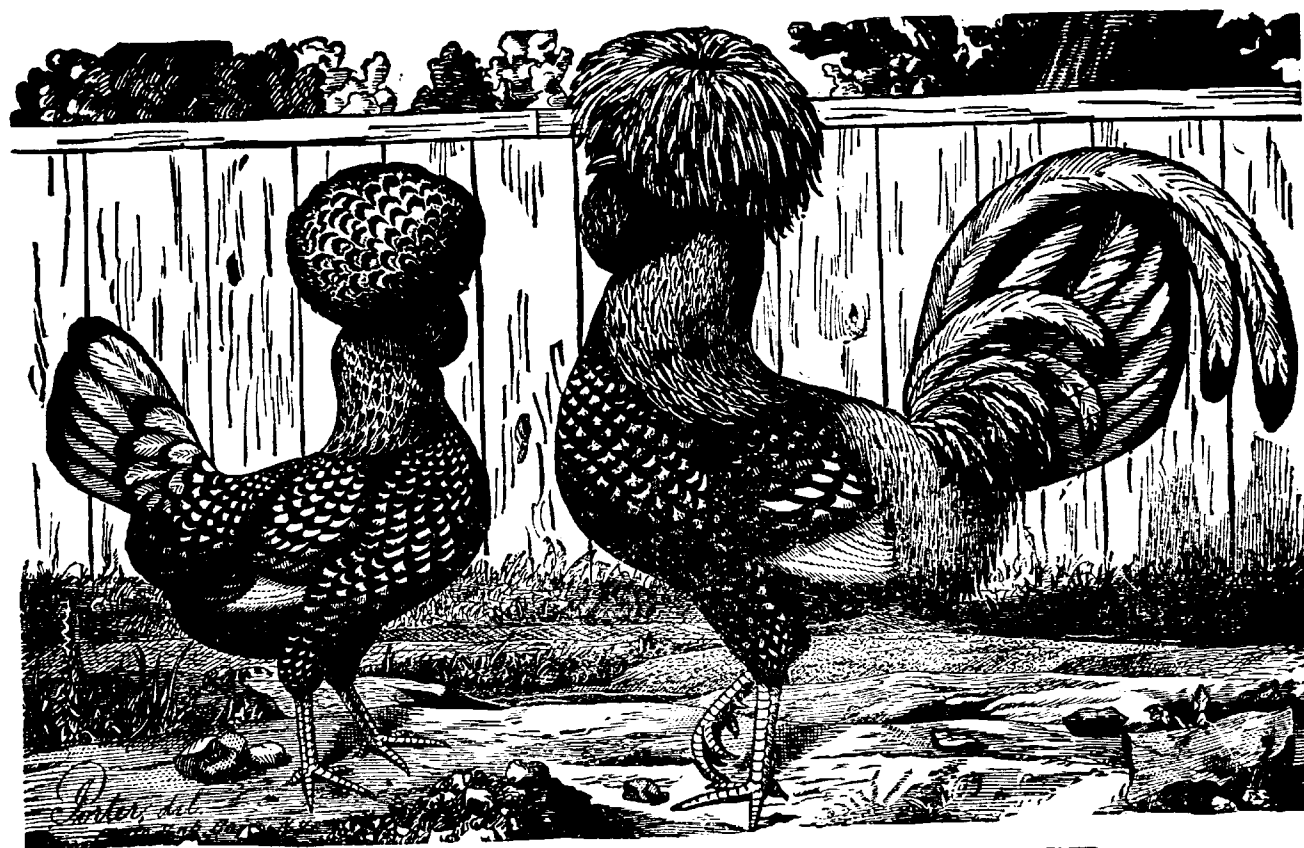
DARK BRAHMAS.



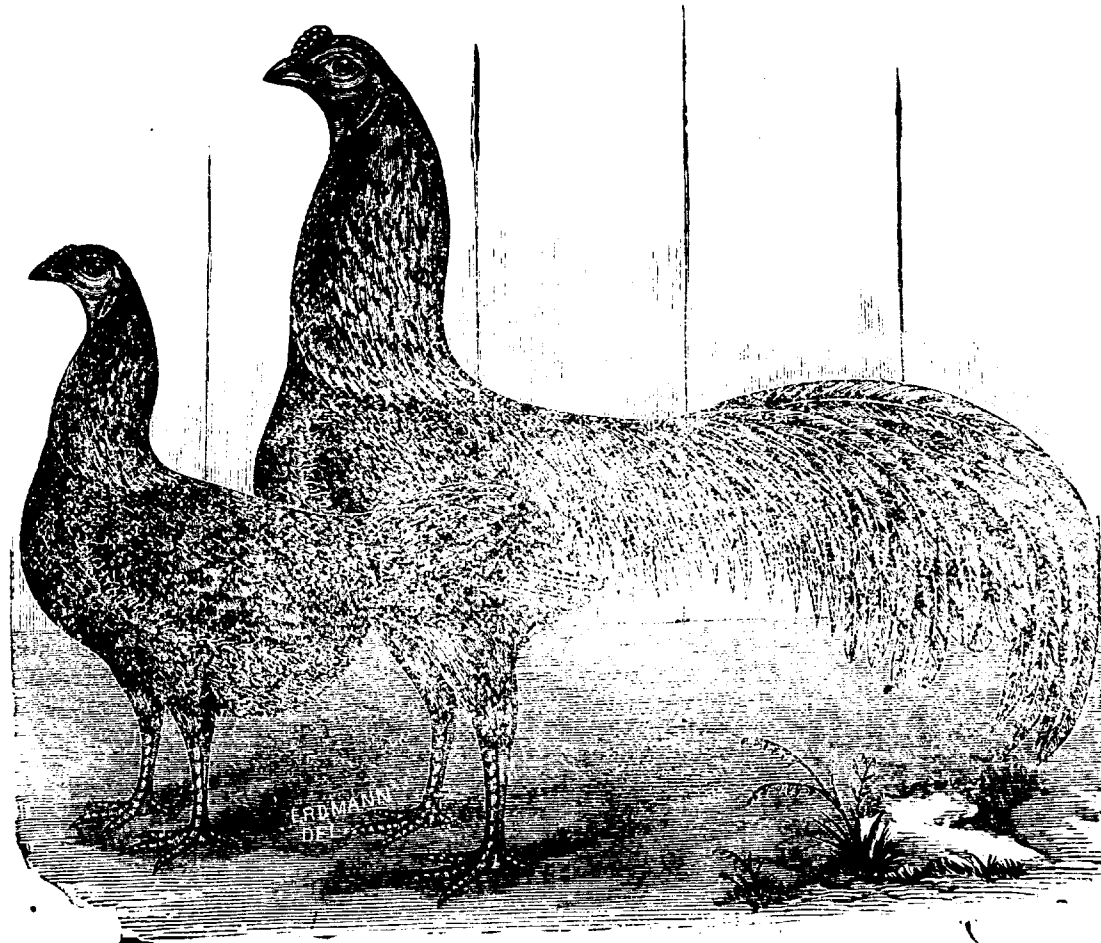
GOLDEN DUCKWING GAMES.



LIGHT BRAHMAS.



BEARDED SILVER SPANGLED POLISH.



BLACK SUMATRAS.

TALMAGE

Gentlemen, Fulfill Your Contract—Christian Marriage is an Affectional Bargain.

"Fidelity Has Its Origin Either in Dishonesty or Licentiousness"—A Sermon on "The Marriage Ring."

Preached February 7.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., February 7.—The Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage preached to-day in the Brooklyn Tabernacle, the fifth of his series of sermons on "The Marriage Ring," the subject being "Duties of Husbands to Wives." Before the sermon he explained the twenty-third chapter of Genesis, concerning Abraham's admiration of Sarah, her age, the only woman's age mentioned in the Bible, implying that inquisitiveness on that subject is an impertinence. The hymn sung was:

"Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love."

The text of the sermon was from Genesis xxi, 1-3. And Isaac went out to meditate in the field at eventide; and he lifted up his eyes and saw, and, behold, the camels were coming." Following is the sermon in full:

A bridal pageant on the backs of camels! The camel is called the ship of the desert. Its swaying motion in the distance is suggestive of a vessel rising and falling with the billows. Though awkward, how imposing these creatures as they move along, whether in ancient or modern times, sometimes carrying four hundred or four thousand travelers from Bagdad to Aleppo, or from Bassora to Damascus. In my text comes a caravan. We notice the noiseless step of the broad foot, the velocity of motion, the gay caparison of saddle and artil and awning, sheltering the riders from the sun, and the hilarity of the mounted passengers, and we cry out: "Who are they?" Well, Isaac has been praying for a wife, and it is time he had one, for he is forty years of age; and his servant, directed by the Lord, has made a selection of Rebekah; and with her companions and maidens she is on her way to her new home, carrying with her the blessing of all her friends. Isaac is in the fields meditating upon his proposed passage from celibacy to monogamy. And he sees a speck against the sky, then groups of people; and after a while he finds that the grandest earthly blessing that ever comes to a man is approaching with this gay caravan. The drivers cry, "Kneel!" to the camels, and they kneel; and putting foot on the neck of the stooping beast the bride dismounts and greets the man who was as worthy of her as she was worthy of him. "And Isaac went out to meditate in the field at eventide; and he lifted up his eyes and saw, and, behold, the camels were coming."

In this fifth discourse on "The Marriage Ring," having spoken of the choice of a life-time companion, I take it for granted, oh, man! that your marriage was divinely arranged, and that the camels have arrived from the right direction and at the right time, bringing the one that was intended for your consort—a Rebekah, and not a Jezebel. I proceed to discourse as to how you should treat your wife; and my ambition is to tell you more plain truth than you ever heard in any three-quarters of an hour in all your life.

REALIZE YOUR RESPONSIBILITY.

First of all, I charge you realize your responsibility in having taken her from the custody, and care, and homestead in which she was once sheltered. What courage you must have had, and what confidence in yourself to say to her practically, "I will be to you more than your father and mother, more than all the friends you had or ever can have. Give up everything and take me. I feel competent to see you through life safely. You are an immortal being, but I am competent to defend you and make you happy. However bright and comfortable a home you have now, and though in one of the rooms is the arm-chair in which you rocked, and in the garret is the cradle in which you were hushed, and the trundle-bed in which you slept, and in the sitting-room are the father and mother who have got wrinkle-faced and stoop-shouldered and dim-sighted in taking care of you, yet you will do better to come with me." I am amazed that any of us ever had the sublimity of impudence to ask such a transfer from a home assured to a home conjectured and un-built.

You would think me a very daring and hazardous adventurer if I should go down to one of the piers on the North River, and at a time when there was a great lack of ship captains, and I should, with no knowledge of navigation, propose to take a steamer across to Glasgow or Havre, and say, "All aboard! Haul in the planks and swing out," and passing out into the sea, plunging through darkness and storm. If I succeeded in getting charge of one, that would be the ship that would never be heard of. But that is the boldness of every man that proffers marriage. He says: "I will navigate you through the storms, the cyclones, the fogs of a life-time. I will run clear of rocks and icebergs. I have no experience and I have no seaport, but all aboard for a voyage of a life-time! I admit that there have been ten thousand shipwrecks on this very route; but don't cry! Brides must not cry at the wedding."

In response to this the woman, by her action, practically says: "I have but one life to live, and I intrust it all to you. My arm is weak, but I will depend on the strength of yours. I don't know much of the world, but I rely on your wisdom. I put my body, my mind, my soul, my time, my eternity in your keeping. I make no reserve. Even my name I resign and take yours, though mine is a name that suggests all that was honor-

ble in my father and all that was good in my mother, and all that pleasant in my brothers and sisters. I start with you on a journey which shall not part except at the edge of your grave or mine. Ruth, the Moabitess, made no more thorough self-abnegation than I make when I take her tremendous words, the pathos of which many centuries have not cooled: 'Entreat me not to leave thee or to return from following after thee, for whither thou goest I will go, and where thou lodgest I will lodge. Thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God. Where thou diest will I die, and there will I be buried. The Lord do so to me, and more also, if I ought but death part thee and me.' Side by side in life, side by side in the burying-ground, side by side in heaven. Before God and man, and with my immortal soul in the oath, I swear eternal fidelity."

HOW OUGHT YOU TO TREAT HER?

Now, my brother, how ought you to treat her? Unless you are an ingrate infinite you will treat her well. You will treat her better than any one in the universe, except your God. Her name will have in it more music than in all that Chopin or Bach or Rheinberger composed. Her eyes, swollen with three weeks of night-watching over a child with scarlet fever, will be to you beautiful as a May morning. After the last rose petal has dropped out of her cheek, after the last feather of the raven's wing has fallen from her hair, after across her forehead and under her eyes and across her face there are as many wrinkles as there are graves over which she has wept, you will be able truthfully to say, in the words of Solomon's Song: "Behold, thou art fair!" And perhaps she may respond appropriately in the words that no one but the matchless Robert Burns could ever have found pen or ink of heart or brain to write:

"John Anderson, my jo, John,
We'll be a pair till we're three,
And many a canny day,
We've had wae ane another."

Now we maun totter down, John,
But hand in hand we'll go,
And sleep together at the foot,
John Anderson, my jo."

HER PROPERTY.

If any one assail her good name you will have hard work to control your temper, and if you should strike him down the sin will not be unpardonable. By as complete a surrender as the universe ever saw, except that of the Son of God for your salvation and mine, she has a first mortgage on your body, mind and soul, and the mortgage is foreclosed, and you do not more thoroughly own your eyes or your two hands than she owns you. The longer the journey Rebekah makes and the greater the risks of her expedition on the back of the camels, the more thoroughly is Isaac bound to be kind and indulgent and worthy.

Now, be honest and pay your debts. You promised to make her happy. Are you making her happy? You are an honest man in other things, and feel the importance of keeping a contract. If you have induced her into a conjugal partnership under certain pledges of kindness and valuable attention, and then have failed to fulfill your word, you deserve to have a suit brought against you for getting goods under false pretenses, and then you ought to be mulcted in a large amount of damages. Review now all the fine, beautiful, complimentary, gracious and glorious things you promised her before marriage, and reflect whether you have kept your faith. Do you say, "Oh, that was all sentimentalism and romance and a joke," and that "they all talk that way?"

A SIMILAR JOKE.

Well, let that plan be tried on yourself! Suppose I am interested in Western lands, and I fill your mind with rosy speculation, and I tell you that a city is already laid out on the farm that I propose to sell you, and that a new railroad will run close by and have a depot for easy transportation of the crops, and that eight or ten capitalists are going to put up fine residences close by, and that the climate is delicious, and that the ground, high up, gave no room for malaria, and that every dollar planted will grow up into a bush bearing ten or twenty dollars and my speech glows with enthusiasm, until you rush off with me to an attorney to have the deed drawn and the money paid down and the bargain completed. You can hardly sleep nights because of the Eldorado, the Elysium, upon which you are so fond to enter. You give up your home at the East, you bid good-by to your old neighbors, and take the train, and after many days' journey, you arrive at a quiet depot from which you take a wagon thirty miles through the wilderness and reach your new place. You see a man seated on a wet log in a swamp and shaking with the fifteenth attack of chills and fever, and ask him who he is. He says: "I am a real estate agent, having in charge the property around here." You ask where the new depot is. He tells you that it has not yet been built, but no doubt will be if the company gets their bill for the track through the next Legislature. You ask him where the new city is laid out. He says, with chattering teeth: "If you will wait till this child is over I will show it to you on the map I have in my pocket." You ask him where the capitalists are going to build their fine houses, and he says: "Somewhere along those lowlands out there by those woods, when the water has been drained off." That night you sleep in the hut of the real estate agent, and though you pray for everybody else you do not pray for me. Being more fortunate than most men who go out in such circumstances, you have money enough to get back, and you come to me, and, out of breath in your indignation, you say: "You have swindled me out of everything. What do you mean in deceiving me about that Western property?" "Oh," I reply, "that was all right; that was sentimentalism and romance and a joke. That's the way they all talk."

But more excusable would I be in such deception than you, O man, who, by glow of words and personal magnetism,

induced a womanly soul into surroundings which you have taken no care to make attractive, so that she exchanged her father's house for the dismal swamp of married experience—treeless, flowerless, shelterless, comfortless and godless. I would not be half so much to blame in cheating you out of a farm as you in cheating a woman out of the happiness of a life-time.

KEEP YOUR WORD.

My brother, do not get mad at what I say, but honestly compare the promises you made and see whether you have kept them. Some of you spent every evening of the week with your betrothed before marriage, and since then you spend every evening away, except you have influenza or some sickness on account of which the doctor says you must not go out. You used to fill your conversation with interjections of adulterations, and now you think it sounds silly to praise the one who ought to be more attractive to you as the years go by, and life grows in severity of struggle and becomes more sacred by the baptism of tears—tears over losses, tears over graves. Compare the way someone of you came to the house in the evening, when you were attempting the capture of other affections, and the way someone of you came into the house in the evening now. Then what politeness, what distillation of smiles, what graciousness, sweet as the peach orchard in blossom week.

Now some of you come in and put your hat on the rack and scowl, and say: "Lost money to-day!" and you sit down at the table and criticize the way food is cooked. You shove back before the others are done eating, and snatch up the evening paper and read, oblivious of what has been going on in that home all day. The children are in awe before the domestic autocrat. Bubbling over with fun, yet they must be quiet, and with healthful curiosity, yet they must ask no questions. The wife has enough annoyances in the nursery and parlor and kitchen, to fill her nerves with nettles and spikes. As you have provided the money for food and wardrobe, you feel you have done all required of you. Toward the good cheer and the intelligent improvement and the moral entertainment of that home, which, at the longest, can last but a few years, you are doing nothing. You seem to have no realization of the fact that soon these children will be grown up, or in their sepulchres, and will be far removed from your influence, and that the wife will soon end her earthly mission, and that house will be occupied by others, and you yourself will be gone.

Gentlemen, fulfill your contracts. Christian marriage is an affectional bargain. In heathen lands a man wins his wife by achievements. In some countries wives are bought by the payment of so many dollars, as many cattle or sheep. In one country a man gets on a horse and rides down where a group of women are standing, and seizes one of them by the hair, and lifts her struggling and resisting on his horse, and if her brothers and friends do not overtake her before she gets to the jungle she is his lawful wife. In another land the masculine candidate is beaten by the club of the one whom he would make his bride. If he cries out under the pounding, he is rejected. If he receives the blows uncomplainingly, she is his by right. Endurance and bravery and skill decide the marriage in barbarous lands, but Christian marriage is a voluntary bargain, in which you promise protection, support, companionship and love. Business men have in their fire-proof safes a file of papers containing their contracts, and sometimes they take them out and read them over to see what the party of the first part and the party of the second part really bound themselves to do. Different ministers of religion have their own peculiar forms of marriage ceremony, but if you have forgotten what you promised at the altar of wedlock you had better buy or borrow an Episcopal prayer-book, which contains the substance of all intelligent marriage ceremonies when it says: "I take thee to be my wedded wife, to have and to hold from this day forward, for better or for worse, for richer or for poorer, in sickness and in health, to love and to cherish till death us do part, according to God's holy ordinance, and thereto I pledge thee my troth." Would it not be a good idea to have that printed in tract form and widely distributed?

MARRIED FLIRTS.

The fact is that many men are more kind to everybody else's wives than to their own wives. They will let the wife carry a heavy coal-scuttle upstairs, and will at one bound clear the width of a parlor to pick up some other lady's pocket-handkerchief. There is an evil which I have seen under the sun, and it is common among men, namely, husbands in flirtation. The attention they ought to put on their own wives they bestow upon others. They smile upon them coyly and askance and with a manner that seems to say, "I wish I was free from that old drudge at home. What an improvement you would be on my present surroundings!" And bouquets are sent, and accidental meetings take place, and late at night the man comes to his prosaic home whistling and hilarious, and wonders that the wife is jealous. There are thousands of men who, while not positively immoral, need radical correction of their habits in this direction. It is meaningless immaturity for a man by his behavior to seem to say to his wife: "You can't help yourself, and I will go where I please, and admire whom I please, and I defy your criticism."

Why did you not have that put in the bond, O domestic Shylocks? Why did you not have it understood before you were pronounced husband and wife that she should have only a part of the dividend of your affections; that when as the time rolled on and the cares of life had erased some of the bright lines from her face and given unwieldiness to her form, you would have the reserved right to pay obeisance to cheeks more ruddy and figure lithier and more agile? And as you demanded the last pound of patience and endurance on her part, you could, with the emphasis of an Edwin Forrest or a Macready, have

trapped the eccentric marriage document and have said: "It's in the bond!" If this modern Rebekah had understood beforehand where she was alighting she would have ordered the camel drivers to turn the caravan backward toward Padam-aram. Flirtation has its origin either in dishonesty or licentiousness. The married man who indulges in it is either a fraud or a rake. However high up in society such a one may be, and however sought after, I would not give a three-cent piece, though it had been three times clipped, for the virtue of either the masculine or feminine flirt.

GO HOME AND APOLOGIZE.

The most worthy thing for the thousand of married men to do is to go home and apologize for past neglects and brighten up their old love. Take up the family Bible and read the record of the marriage day. Open the drawer of relics and the box inside the drawer containing the trinkets of your dead child. Take up the pack of yellow-covered letters that was written before you became one. Rehearse the scenes of joy and sorrow in which you have mingled. Put all these things as fuel on the altar, and by a coal of sacred fire rekindle the extinguished light. It was blast from hell that blew it out, and a gale from Heaven will fan it into a blaze.

Ye who have broken marriage vows, speak out! Take your wife into all your plans, your successes, your defeats, your ambitions. Tell her every thing. Walk arm-in-arm with her into places of amusement, and on the piazza of summer watering-places, and up the rugged way of life, and down through dark ravine; and when one trembles on the way let the other reinforcement. In no case pass yourself off as a single man practicing gallantries. Do not, after you are fifty years of age, in ladies' society, try to look young-manish. Interfere not with your wife's religious nature. Put her not in that awful dilemma in which so many Christian wives are placed by their husbands, who ask them to go to places or do things which compel them to decide between loyalty to God and loyalty to the husband. Rather than ask her to compromise her Christian character, encourage her to be more and more a Christian, for there will be times in your life when you will want the help of all her Christian resources; and certainly, when you remember how much influence your mother had over you, you do not want the mother of your children to set a less gracious example. It pleases me greatly to hear the unconverted and worthy husband say about his wife, with no idea that it will get to her ears: "There is the most godly woman alive. Her goodness is a perpetual rebuke to my waywardness. Nothing on earth could ever induce her to do a wrong thing. I hope the children will take after her instead of after me. If there is any Heaven at all, I am sure she will go there."

JOIN YOUR WIFE.

Aye, my brother, do you not think it would be a wise and a safe thing for you to join her on the road to Heaven? You think if you have a happy home now, but what a home you would have if both were religious! What a new sacredness it would give to your material relation, and what a new light it would throw on the foreheads of your children! In sickness, what a comfort! In reverses of fortune, what a wealth! In death, what a triumph! God meant you to be the high priest of your household. Go home to-day and take the Bible on your lap, and gather all your family yet living around you, and those not living will hear of it in a flash, and as ministering spirit will hover—father and mother and children gone, and all your celestial kindred. Then kneel down, and if you can't think of a prayer to offer I will give you a prayer, namely: "Lord God I surrender to thee myself and my beloved wife and these dear children. For Christ sake forgive all the past and help us for all the future. We have lived together here; may we live together forever. Amen and amen!" Dear me! what a stir it would make among your best friends on earth and in Heaven!

Joseph II, the emperor, was so kind and so philanthropic that he excited the unbounded love of most of his subjects. He abolished serfdom, established toleration and lived in the happiness of his people. One day while on his way to Ostend to declare it a free port, and while at the head of a great procession, he saw a woman at the door of her cottage in dejection. The emperor descended and asked her the cause of her grief. She said that her husband had gone to Ostend to see the emperor and had declined to take her with him, for, as he was an alien, he could not understand her loyal enthusiasm, and that it was the one great desire of her life to see the ruler for whose kindness and goodness and greatness she had an unspeakable admiration; and her disappointment in not being able to go and see him was simply unbearable. The emperor Joseph took from his pocket a box decorated with diamonds surrounding a picture of himself, and presented it to her, and when the picture revealed to whom she was talking, she knelt in reverence and clasped her hands in gladness before him. The emperor took the name of her husband and the probable place where he might be found at Ostend, and had him imprisoned for the three days of the emperor's visit, so that the husband returning home found that the wife had seen the emperor while he had not seen him.

In many families of this earth the wife, through the converting grace of God, has seen the "King in his beauty," and he has conferred upon her the pearl of great price, while the husband is an "alien from the covenant of promise, without God, and without hope in the world," and imprisoned in worldliness and sin! Oh, that they might arm in arm go this day and see Him who is not only greater and lovelier than any Joseph of earthly dominion, but "high over all, in earth and air and sky." His touch is life. His voice is music. His smile is heaven.

Senators on Exhibition.

It is astonishing the extent to which the senators pose for the galleries. There is one senator from the south who appears to make this almost the sole object of his service on the floor of the senate. He is dressed in a full black suit, with his frock coat buttoned across his breast. He strikes many attitudes, but he never retains one of them long at a time. He will sit in his own seat; then he will go into the lobby; soon he returns and walks back and forth behind the rows of benches; then he takes the seat of another senator; then he rises to promenade again. He seldom talks with other senators; he is just on exhibition. Another from the west is not so tall, so large, or so handsomely built, but he is almost equally conspicuous. He looks so different from the rest that the visitor's eye rests on him at once as it surveys the senate board, and generally the inquiry is made as to who he is.—Boston Herald.

Pure blood is absolutely necessary in order to enjoy perfect health. Hood's Sarsaparilla purifies the blood and strengthens the system.

Mr. Wm. H. Bennett will take possession of the postoffice at Bluffton this week.

"All Men are Liar."

David of old. He was probably prompted to make the above remark after trying some unreliable catarrh remedy. He has been permitted to live until the present day, and tried Dr. Sage's Remedy, he might have had a better opinion of mankind. We claim that no case of catarrh can withstand the magic effects of this wonderful medicine. One trial of it will convince you of its efficacy. By druggists; 50 cts.

The Quakers, of Wayne county talk of forming a league and becoming a power in politics.

Beware of Scrofula

Scrofula is probably more general than any other disease. It is insidious in character, and manifests itself in running sores, pustules, eruptions, boils, swellings, enlarged joints, abscesses, sore eyes, etc. Hood's Sarsaparilla expels all trace of scrofula from the blood, leaving it pure, enriched, and healthy.

"I was severely afflicted with scrofula, and for over a year had two running sores on my neck. Took five bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla, and consider myself cured." C. E. LOVEJOY, Lowell, Mass.

C. A. Arnold, Arnold, Me., had scrofulous sores for seven years, spring and fall. Hood's Sarsaparilla cured him.

Salt Rheum

William Spies, Elyria, O., suffered greatly from erysipelas and salt rheum, caused by handling tobacco. At times his hands would crack open and bleed. He tried various preparations without aid, finally took Hood's Sarsaparilla, and now says: "I am entirely well." "My son had salt rheum on his hands and on the calves of his legs. He took Hood's Sarsaparilla and is entirely cured." J. B. STANTON, Mt. Vernon, Ohio.

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5. Made only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.
100 Doses One Dollar.

Fruit House Bulletin

Great Reduction in Prices for 1886.

Goods are so low now that it can hardly be expected that there will be any further decline, so that those laying in full supplies will not likely be disappointed.

Coffee Down 2c, Tea Down 10c, Sugars Down 1-2c, Syrups Down 10c, Turkish Prunes Down 1c.

Best Rio Coffee down to 10c a pound; good Rio coffee down to 8c a pound; best Roasted Rio down to 12 1/2c a pound; Government Java, 20c.; Roasted Java 25c.

TEAS Reduced in Proportion.

It is no more a luxury to buy Teas. When they were \$1 and \$2 per pound then of course the consumption of them was small, but now the price is so low that a good Tea can be bought at 20c per pound then they come within the reach of all. We are enabled to sell so low simply in consequence of our immense trade. At times we sell two and three chests daily, and buying direct of the importers and selling direct to the consumers, enables us to save our customers the profits of the jobber, speculator and wholesale merchant which is at least 10 to 20 per cent.

Young Hyson, good, 20c; choice, 30c; best 50c; Gunpowder, good, 30c; choice, 40; best 50c; Oolong or Black Tea 20c; choice, 30c; best 50c; Japan Tea, uncolored, 35c; choice, 40; best 50c; English Breakfast, good, 20c; best 50c per pound.

SUGARS---White and Yellow, Down 1-2c.

Cut Loaf Sugar, 7 1/2c per pound; Powdered Sugar, 7 1/2c; Granulated, 7; Coffee A, 6 1/2; Coffee C White, 6c; choice New Orleans Yellow, 5c.

Syrups Reduced 10c a Gal.

Best Golden Drip, 40c per gallon; best Sorghum, 40c per gallon; best New Orleans, Molasses, 30c.

SMOKED MEATS AND PICKLED PORKS.

Best sugar cured hams, 10c per pound; Sugar cured shoulders, 6c per pound; Pickled pork 6c per pound; Breakfast bacon, best, 9c per pound.

SALT AND SMOKED FISH.

White Fish, 4c lb.; White Fish in kits, \$1; Family White Fish, kits, 50c; Family White Fish, 4c lb.; Blackerai in kits, 60c; good, \$1; best, \$1.50; Cat Fish, kits, \$1; Cat Fish, 4c lb.; \$1; \$1.50; \$1.

Fish Oil, Lard Oil, Neats Foot Oil, Machine Oils and Head Light

Neats Foot Oil, 80c gallon; Fish Oil, 70c gallon; Headlight oil, 12c gallon; machine Oil dark, 20c gallon; Golden machine oil, 30c gallon.

WINES AND LIQUORS.

Old 70 Whisky for medical use, \$2.50 per gallon; two-year old, \$1.75; one-year old, \$1.40; good new whisky, \$1.50 and \$1 per gallon; California wine, Muscadet and Angelico, 40c bottle; Port Wine per gallon, \$1.25; gallon Catauba wine, \$1; gallon Old Tom Gin, 40c; bottle Canada malt, 30c.

Candies Down---Stick and Mixed Reduced 2c per Pound.

Pure Stick Candy, 10c. per pound; French Mixed Candy, down to 10c; Bon Bons, 20c; Gum Drops, 10c; Imperial and Chocolate down to 15c per pound.

The Greatest Reduction of all is on Turkish Fruens.

Who ever heard of them selling at 4c per pound. The crop is so large at they don't pay freight and duty to ship to New York. The very best new fruit 4c per pound; new Valencia Raisins, 10c, a pound; seedless Sultana Raisins, 12 1/2c; best Leghorn Citron, 30c; new dried apples, 4c per pound; new dried peaches, 5c per pound.

CIGARS, PLUG AND SMOKING TOBACCOS.

Bull Dog plug, 50c; Durham plug, 50c; Perfection plug, 35c; Hiawatha plug, 30c; Knights of Labor plug, 30c; Sweet Heart plug, 50c per pound. Fine Cut, 30, 40c, 50, best 75c per pound. Smoking, 10c, 20c, 30c; best Durham, 40c per pound. Choice Cigars, \$1.50 per box; good cigars, 60c and \$1 per box.

Twenty-five cents (25c) on the dollar saved by purchasing at the

FT. WAYNE FRUIT HOUSE.

The Daily Sentinel.

SAURDAY, FEB. 13, 1886.

THE CITY.

Frank Kincaid is the father of a nice little boy baby.

Judge R. S. Taylor will leave for Boston this evening.

Mayor Muhler and Chief of Police Diehl went to Toledo this morning.

George M. Hebbison, night watchman of the Wabash yards, is on the sick list.

Mr. Frank Vogel, the merchant tailor, is again well and able to attend to business.

Mr. Peter D. Smyser came home yesterday from a business trip to Eaton Rapids.

The little daughter of D. N. Williams, of Garden street, is seriously ill with lung fever.

Mrs. Howard Barnes left to-day for Detroit, after a pleasant visit with Mrs. B. L. Smith.

Sportsmen predict that the warm weather, if continued a little longer, will bring plenty of ducks.

Brief and Ortelb, the shippers, yesterday sold a spanking team of horses to Ex Councilman Ryan for \$550.

Dink Trentman says he will wear the billiard championship badge just as soon as the next tournament is arranged.

Mrs. M. J. Brockerman has taken out a permit to erect a one-story frame house on lot 13, Bowersville addition, to cost \$300.

Mr. Tom Sullivan is at Indianapolis. He is adjutant general of the G. A. R., of this state, and will seek the place again.

Wm. Christie, of the Wabash, is quite ill. He is assisted to the extent of \$5 a week by the Wabash Mutual Benefit association.

The funeral of John Rehder's child was not public, the little one being buried privately and funeral services held afterwards.

Hereafter any one taking away wood or lumber from the ruins of the St. Mary's Catholic church, without a permit, will be prosecuted.

Columbus Wilson, a Fort Wayne barber, created consternation by shooting into a crowd, at Chicago. The sport cost him \$10 in a Chicago justice court.

"Stratmore," the famous stallion, is at Henry Brown's Holman street barn for a brief time. Although twenty years old he looks every inch a six-year old.

The funeral of little Edward, youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. James McLane, of No. 247 Clay street, will take place to-morrow afternoon at 1:15 o'clock from the Cathedral.

The members of the agreeable Rathbone club have chosen these clever officers: H. C. Sites, president; A. Racine, vice-president; T. W. Blair, secretary, and H. C. Morehouse, treasurer.

The indications for the lower lake region, as reported by the weather bureau at Washington to THE SENTINEL, are as follows: Slightly colder, cloudy, weather, local rains, winds generally southwesterly.

Mrs. May Creighton, of this city, attended a very pleasant surprise party tendered her mother, Mrs. C. M. Alward, at Warsaw, Monday evening last. The occasion was Mrs. Alward's fifty-sixth birthday anniversary.

The Auxiliary Christian Woman's Board of Missions met at the home of the new president, Miss M. J. Swayne, No. 280 West Berry street, this afternoon at 2:30. The members read essays, listened to Bible readings, and sat to a toothsome luncheon.

The holidays come on the following days: Washington's birthday comes on Monday, All Fools' day Thursday, Memorial day Sunday, St. Patrick's day Wednesday, Fourth of July Sunday, Christmas on Saturday, Easter Sunday will fall on the 25th of April and Lent begins on March 10.

The pleasant weather yesterday brought out the street musicians. An accordion player sat on the postoffice steps, two Italian women turned organ handles on Calhoun street and in the afternoon a blind minstrel sang to an accompaniment from a hand organ. Such are the luxuries of spring time.

The I. B. & W. has served notice upon the central passenger committee at Indianapolis that it will not continue as a member unless the Lake Erie and Western, the Nickel Plate, and other lines now operating independent of the restrictions of the committee, come into the fold. The I. B. & W. claim that it is handicapped by the agreements in competing with these lines.

"It is said that some of the employees of the G. R. & I. have been dabbling in the tie trade, to the disgust of the farmers, and a meeting is to be held to take steps to inform the company of their acts. The farmers prefer selling their ties directly to the company, instead of giving the employees of the road from five to eight cents on the tie, to simply put their names on them," says the Portland Sun.

Mr. Frank Rawles, the attorney, is at Lagrange, on business.

Postmaster Ed. Finan has advertised for 15,000 railroad ties at Monroeville.

Miss Julia Burns has returned from a pleasant sojourn with friends in Pennsylvania.

The fine \$4,500 organ for the First Presbyterian church is expected next week.

The Wayne Township Reading Circle met at Township Trustee Gaffney's office last night.

The school superintendents and teachers of Northern Indiana are in convention at Laporte.

Prof. Fred Reineke, leader of the famous Temple orchestra, is recovering from a severe illness.

Col. C. A. Zollinger, the state pension agent, was here for an hour yesterday attending to private business.

Louis Bender, a lad who lives on East Jefferson street, broke an arm yesterday at Davis Bros' establishment.

Dr. K. K. Wheelock entertained the chess club last night, at his pleasant office, above Thieme's drug store.

Fred C. Boltz yesterday received the list of the Louisiana lottery drawing and to-day was paying off small prizes.

D. M. Osborne & Co. have sued Frederick Heidbrink on attachment. Hon. W. G. Colerick is attorney for the plaintiffs.

Mrs. W. G. Smith, of East Jefferson street, is entertaining as her guest Miss Lizzie Auth, of Toledo, who will remain several weeks.

A United States pension agent has been the guest of the Windsor hotel for a few days past. His business here is strictly on the q. t.

Henry B. Ayres, a former Fort Wayne apothecary, has purchased Schroeder Bros' drug store, situated at the corner of Broadway and Washington streets.

Carl P. Swain has transferred his interest in the City Bill Posting company to Col. G. Conkling Richards. The warring season for this business is opening.

Miss Lou Miller, of 278 West Jefferson street, pleasantly entertained a large company of friends last evening in honor of her brother's eighteenth birthday anniversary.

Mr. and Mrs. B. H. Visger, of this city, will shortly move to Springfield, Mo. Mr. Visger will represent the Drummond Tobacco company, of St. Louis, throughout Missouri and the Indian territory.

The wheat looks well, but from now until the 1st of April is a trying time for the wheat crop. The freezing and thawing in February and March and the enterprising reporter kills the winter wheat in this latitude.

Dr. G. W. McCaskey is now ensconced in pleasant quarters at Mordhurst's "Oriental" drug store. The doctor occupies an entire floor and, besides his office, is arranging a complete suite of oriental bath rooms.

Dr. Talmage's sermon, published in THE SENTINEL to-day, treats of "The Duty of Husbands to Wives." As all the wives will be sure to read it, the husbands who desire to be ready for the debate will wisely read it also.

"Mrs. President J. H. Smart, assisted by other ladies, is forming a ladies' literary club, from which the gentlemen are to be excluded, for an extensive study of English literature and kindred topics," says the Lafayette Courier.

The three-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. George Huber died this morning of brain fever. The funeral will take place from the family residence, 111 Wells street, on Sunday afternoon at 1 o'clock. Services will be held at St. Mary's Chapel.

"Miss Ada Tohey, of Fort Wayne, has been spending the week with Miss Melissa McGonney, of this city. While here Miss Ada has been enjoying herself very well, at least one would be led to judge so from her pleasant appearance," says the Decatur Democrat.

The Wabash and L. N. A. & C. people are in another squabble over the dilatoriness of the Wabash to do the switching service of the L. N. A. & C. at Indianapolis. The latter claim that they are daily losing business through the failure of the Wabash to place cars on side tracks to be loaded.

"Miss Alice Coombs, of Fort Wayne, is teaching a class of painting in this city. Her class meets at the residence of Duke Stoops every Saturday morning and afternoon. Miss Coombs is recognized as an artist of rare ability and those desiring to learn the art of painting will do well to embrace this opportunity of taking lessons," says the Decatur Democrat.

"A party of young folks from Fort Wayne came here Saturday evening for the purpose of having a social dance at the residence of A. Kohne, south of this city. There were twelve couple, and they came in a band wagon and made their own music. When they drove through town they were mistaken for the Lighthall gang, and resembled that body very much—leaving out the diamonds. They had a good time and enjoyed themselves well," says the Decatur Democrat.

The poultry show will close next Wednesday.

Mr. John C. Peters went to Antwerp, Ohio, this morning.

Rose Morrison has been discharged from the state asylum as cured.

Joseph Oppenheimer and Frida Weiler have been licensed to wed.

Mr. Thomas Hamilton, of New Haven, was in the city this morning, and gave THE SENTINEL a pleasant call.

The case of John Dreibeiss vs. John Gladstone has been appealed from Justice Hays to the circuit court.

Jack Hamilton, a former Wabash workman, was arrested for drunkenness last night, and gave bail this morning.

Henry Colerick, C. M. Dawson, Samuel M. Hench, W. S. Oppenheim, William Friend, C. L. Olde, of Fort Wayne, were at the Grand Hotel, Indianapolis, yesterday.

William Kindt buried one of his children yesterday and this morning another child died from cramps, adding to the grief of the family. The funeral occurs next Monday afternoon.

David N. Foster, commander of the Grand Army of the Republic, is at Indianapolis, stopping at the Grand Hotel, and will remain there until after the annual encampment next week.

Rev. Mr. Paynter has closed a most marvelous Bible reading service at the Second Presbyterian church and left this afternoon for Warsaw, where the prayers and well-wishes of grateful Christians follow him.

Farmers who have invested in Bohemian oats in this county are preparing to resist payment of notes, on the ground that the alleged association is not redeeming their surplus grain as per agreement. Mr. J. M. Robinson tells us that a dozen farmers have already engaged attorneys.

"The argument on the appeal in the case of William Boyle, the Allen county murderer, sentenced to life imprisonment was heard in the supreme court yesterday. When first tried Boyle was sentenced to be hanged, but was granted a new trial because the supreme court believed the evidence did not justify the death penalty," says the Indianapolis Journal.

Mrs. Elizabeth Brame, mother of William and Louis Brame, died last evening, at 9:30 o'clock, at her residence, 168 East Jefferson street. Her age was 75, and her death was due to infirmities incident to her advanced years. The funeral will take place on Monday morning, at 10 o'clock, from the Cathedral. Friends of the family are invited to attend without further notice.

Judge Walker yesterday at Indianapolis issued a restraining order, at the instance of John T. Dickson, against Isaac Morris, prohibiting him from removing, selling or otherwise disposing of the property belonging to Professor Morris' Equine and Canine Paradox. It is made returnable February 15. The suit grows out of partnership differences that arose when the Equine Paradox showed at the Temple in this city.

"TRIAL BY JURY."

"Uncle Tom" Before a Tribunal In Justice France's Temple.

The attachment suit of Van Esen against Manager Maxwell, of the "Uncle Tom" party, was not compromised yesterday, as THE SENTINEL anticipated, but instead, the contestants agreed to leave the matter to a jury. Captain Diehl having abandoned the suit, Constable McCann was ushered in to service and soon had the following twelve "good and true" men seated on wooden benches against the north and west walls of Justice France's court room: George Haskell, Pat Golden, George Staub, Moore Sattenfield, Joe Lombard, J. B. Pierson, F. H. Woehner, Robert Shaffer, Dave Brown, J. Kritzer, Wm. Hagan and George Benson.

This tribunal had to listen to the story of "Uncle Tom," "Eva," "Topsy" and "Eliza," as Judge Sinclair unraveled it with dramatic effect. He censored the dogs, characterized them as "sheep dogs," and leaping from chair to chair depicted "Eliza's" flight over cakes of ice across the river. This sort of business the jury stood, and then Mr. Phil Colerick proceeded to enlighten the citizen jurors how the dogs contributed to the success of the show, read extracts from papers styling them "stars" and dazzled the assembly with eloquence. The case is still undecided and will likely run into the night.

The Deaths of a Week.

These deaths occurred in Fort Wayne this week: Ida Fox, three years old, lung fever; Wm. H. Bailey, fifty years, typhoid fever; Rosa Stutzenberger, infant, exhaustion; Joseph Miller, three years, lung fever; Elizabeth Brame, seventy-two years, old age; child of G. Huber, 3 years, fever; Mary Siebold, 30 years, puerperal fever; Anna Kindt, three months, bronchitis; Caroline Kindt, three years, cramps; Fred Bahdert, four years, scarlet fever; W. Miller, five years, typhoid fever; Edward McLane, one year, six months, inflammation of lungs; John Walker, forty-two years, congestion of the lungs.

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

How the Custom of Sending Gifts Grew to Its Present Favor.

To-morrow is St. Valentine's day, and millions will worship the old "Bishop," as historians painted him. He is the disciple of Cupid, and is reputed to have poured any amount of oil on the troubled waters of many a love-sick swain, and whether he was a bishop or not has obviously very little to do with the case. That he was a saint, and that as such he smiled on the divine passion, aiding and abetting young lovers so far as lay in his power, is a fact that is tenderly chronicled of the venerable gentleman whose spirit continues to preside over the world every year, on the 14th of February.

The question of choosing loves of St. Valentine's festival grew directly out of the fact of the good saint's possessing such winning love and kindness. None could look upon him and decide to live alone. The innate sweetness of his countenance streamed like a glory upon all those with whom he came in contact. The Roman matrons and their daughters must have looked with longing eyes upon this living figure of love.

There was a practice prevalent in Rome at the festival of the Lupercalia, when the names of young women were placed in a box, from which they were taken by young men who drew them solely by chance. This was considered a pagan ceremony, the early pastors endeavoring to break it up, but failing in the attempt.

Early valentines were sent in the form of gifts, such as garters, gloves and jewelry. For many years comic valentines have been regularly sent over the country as a means of burlesquing personal peculiarities, or of perpetrating practical jokes.

As for love breathing valentines, they have been manufactured of lace paper for years, some of them being very exquisite in their way, but they are now quite de trop, having been succeeded by beautiful chromo picture cards, which are now all the rage. In the rural districts lovers continue to send their Dulcinea gifts, such as ribbons and gloves, on St. Valentine's day, but city customs have set the mode at exquisite picture cards, nothing else being considered stylish or in good taste.

THE FIRST STEP

In the Training of Young Converts by One of Our City Pastors.

The editor of the *Christian Herald*, one of the leading Baptist papers in this country, sent a request to Rev. S. A. Northrop, of this city, to furnish his views on what should be the first steps in the training of young converts. He replied as follows:

1. The pastor should see that each one has a reference Bible. Teach how to use it. Have Bible reading for them.
2. Place in their hands denominational "Articles of Faith." Encourage familiarity with cardinal doctrines. Have them study proof-texts, that they may be "ready to give a reason of the hope that is in them."
3. The committee on reception of members should never be a standing committee, not always adapted to every case; this committee should continue after the convert's baptism to look after their spiritual welfare.
4. Pastors and deacons and their wives should know the peculiar surroundings of young converts, have their names, street and number of residence (if in a city) printed on a card, to be used by the membership for immediate calling.
5. I would suggest that during the first months of christian life the pastor give them an hour weekly, training them in clearer views of faith and practice, duty and responsibility, benevolence and missions; teach loyalty to Christ and His church; that they are saved to serve; induce them in these convert meetings to witness for their Master, and to pray, though but in broken sentences. Follow up with those who have been led to Christ at the same season gives inspiration for development and christian endeavor in the new life.
6. After a special work of grace, an "Introduction Social" affords excellent opportunity for the membership to become personally acquainted with the newcomers. At once they see the blessings of a church home. Their spiritual life, by healthy social influences, is stimulated. "Blest be the tie that binds."
7. Invite those below thirty-five years of age to become members of the Young People's Society, for spiritual intellectual and social improvement. Put the young men converts on a program (have it printed on a neat folder) to lead the spiritual meetings of the society. I would place their names at the latter part, so that they may learn and see how the older ones lead. The pastor should give them aid on the subject they are to talk about, at least a week before they are to lead the meeting.

Experience vs. Inexperience.

It is a matter of regret that in introducing Hood's Sarsaparilla proprietors are obliged to overcome a certain distrust by some people who have unfortunately bought worthless compounds mixed by persons ignorant of pharmacy. Messrs. C. I. Hood & Co. are reliable pharmacists of long experience, and they make no claims for Hood's Sarsaparilla which cannot be substantiated by the strongest proof. And we say to those who lack confidence, read the unsolicited testimonials in favor of Hood's Sarsaparilla and then prove its merits by actual personal test. We are confident you will not be disappointed, but will find it a medicine of great value, which can be implicitly relied upon. 100 doses \$1.

THE WAY TO CHURCH.

Remember the Sabbath Day and Keep it Holy.

Take your wife and little ones and go to church. Do not fail to read Talmage's sermon. It is good from beginning to end.

All parties interested in liberal christianity are requested to meet at Temperance headquarters, at 10:30 to-morrow morning.

Second Presbyterian church: Services by the pastor at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 2 p. m. You are welcome at all these services.

Berry street M. E. church: Services by the pastor at 10:30 a. m. Sabbath school at 2 p. m. Revival service in the evening. Strangers always welcome.

There will be services at the Wayne street M. E. church to-morrow at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sabbath school at 2 p. m. F. G. Browne, pastor. All are cordially invited.

Services at Grace Reformed church, conducted by the pastor. Morning subject: "Double Mindedness." Evening subject: "The First Table of the Law." You are kindly invited.

"The Voice of God from the Railroad Train" is the topic of Secretary D. F. Morse's address at the R. R. Y. M. C. A. rooms to-morrow at 3:30, standard. Railroad men especially invited. All others welcome.

Trinity M. E. church, north side, services to-morrow morning and evening. Subject of morning sermon: "Wisdom vs. Money." Young people's service in the evening. Sunday school at 2:30 p. m. All are cordially invited.

Trinity church, Rev. W. N. Webbe, pastor; services to-morrow at 10:45 a. m. Subject: "Religious Excitement and Insanity." Evening subject: "What is Catholicism and What is Romanism?" Sunday school at 2:30 p. m.

Services at the Baptist church at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. to-morrow. It will be a grand day for the congregation. Revival services of the coming week will continue from the evening service. You and yours are always welcome at this church. Come.

Services at Simpson M. E. church to-morrow: At 9:30 general class; at 10:30, short sermon followed by baptizing and receiving members; Sunday school at 2:30; at 7:30 song service, short sermon and after meeting. Elder Meredith will be present in the evening. A cordial welcome to all.

The Berry street M. E. Sunday school is in a flourishing condition and the attendance is increasing rapidly. There are classes for old people, young men and young ladies as well as children, all under most competent teachers. You are cordially invited to join this school, which meets at 2 p. m. every Sunday.

Thieves at Work.

Night before last a sneak thief got into the residence of Charles Waibel, on West Jefferson street, near Broadway. The children of the household discovered the intruder and he fled without booty.

Last night a thief strived to force an entrance into Markey & Mongoven's grocery, on Calhoun street. He broke the front window, but the police were too numerous for further work.

Real Estate Transfers.

Olds Bros., real estate agents, room No. 8, Foster block, report the following recorded real estate transfers:

Hattie T. Tolan to Edward N. Daventport, by warranty deed, part of lot 40, Hanna's addition, for \$2,700.

Benjamin F. Gouty to Sophia Felger, by warranty deed, lot 51, Rockhill's second addition, for \$800.

The constitution, by-laws and roster of the Thirteenth Indiana Veteran association has been printed and can be had by any one enclosing a two-cent stamp to George E. Lowry, Indianapolis Ind.

GUMPPER.

Arbuckles, German, Lion and all brands of package coffees, 12 1/2 cents per pound.

All California 3 pound canned fruits, 20c.

Standard Flour, \$4.50 per barrel.

Sugar Cured Hams, 10c per pound.

Sugar Cured Breakfast Bacon, 10c per pound.

Armour's Boneless Hams, 10c per pound.

Sugar Cured Shoulders, 6c per pound.

Lard, 7c per pound.

Granulated Sugar, 7c per pound.

Confectioner's A Sugar, 6 1/2c per pound.

Extra C Sugar, 6c per pound.

Three-pound Bar Mammoth Soap, 10c per bar.

Babbitt's Best Soap, 5c per cake.

Babbitt's 1776 Washing Powder, 5c per package.

Carolina Rice, 5c per pound, at the KEYSTONE, 240 Calhoun street.

Henry W. Bond, wholesale dealer in Flour, Chop Feed, Bread, Cakes and Confectionary and manufacturer of Bond's Boston Brown Bread Meal, will on and after Feb. 15, occupy No. 224 Calhoun street, between Douglas avenue and Brackenridge street, with a large supply of the above. I solicit the patronage of my present customers and all others who may find the new stand convenient, and will furnish them with the best goods in the market, at the lowest prices. HENRY W. BOND. 10tf

AH! THERE, WILLIE!

Miss Lona Battles, a Wayward Lass, Seeks the Poor-House for Shelter.

A pretty young woman stepped into Trustee Gaffney's office, and with trembling voice asked public charity. The officer questioned her, and amid blushes she said she had fled from Aurora, Ill., to escape the wrath of her papa, who is a retired merchant and quite wealthy. The young woman had been deceived by Wm. Baker, an attorney of Aurora, who refused to wed her as off he whispered he would into her ear. Mr. Gaffney advised her to return home, but later the girl applied at the city hospital, without success, however, and at last she started toward Dr. Thayer's hospital. She is soon to become a mother.

THE GREATEST AT WORK.

Trying to Get Into the Great Agricultural Circuit.

The Northern Indiana Fair association, of this city, is already a member of the Western Trotting circuit. The officers of the association are now making a desperate effort to become a member of the big agricultural circuit. This circuit includes such fairs as the Columbus, Ohio, State fair, the Michigan State fair, the Missouri State fair and the Indiana State fair. It is considered the strongest agricultural circuit in the United States. The circuit was completed and made up for this year at a meeting at Indianapolis a short time ago, and President Lockhart, of Waterloo, head of the state fair, was made president of the circuit. It now seems that the Grand Rapids does not correspond with the date selected for them by the circuit and they desire another date. The circuit refused to grant this request and Grand Rapids stepped down and out. There is now a rush by fair associations for the place made vacant by the withdrawal and it is a difficult thing to tell what association will be admitted. The president and treasurer are at Waterloo to-day, making a strong appeal for the Fort Wayne association.

TRIBUNAL OF THE ENGLISH PRESS.

The aptest comparison for English society is perhaps to be found in the prefecture of police in Paris. In that famous detective repository there exists a complete dossier of all who are and who are likely to become criminals. Everything which concerns them is carefully recorded. But the individuals are treated with the greatest consideration until they make themselves amenable to law. In the same way society in England has the dossier of all its members. The contents of these documents do not prejudice it against them, nor are they held really to have incriminated themselves until they are arraigned before the tribunal of the English press.

Formerly this press was looked upon by the governing classes as a great political engine. It has now become the custodian and inquisitor of our whole social system, the censor of our homes, and the critic of our hearts. It brings all offending Britons, however lofty their degree, before that which they really most dread, the great jury of their fellow-countrymen. No wonder, therefore, that the publicity of which it is the instrument is dreaded and detested by those whom it concerns.—*Fortnightly Review.*

"Thus am I doubly armed—my death and life.

My bane and antidote are both before me."

Whether to sit alone suffering with neuralgia,

Or buy one bottle of Salvation Oil.

Annual Meeting.

The annual meeting of the church and congregation of the First Presbyterian church will be held next Monday evening, Feb. 15, at 7:30 o'clock, for the purpose of electing seven trustees for the ensuing year and for such other business as shall be lawfully transacted.

FRED J. HAYDEN, Sec'y.

A Sore Throat or Cough, if suffered to progress, often results in an incurable throat or lung trouble. "Brown's Bronchial Troches" give instant relief.

Pyke's Grocery,
80 Calhoun Street.

Finest Coffees Roasted Fresh every day.
TEAS
English Breakfast,
Formosa Oolong,
Young Hyson,
Japan Fried,
No finer goods to be found in any market.

Fine groceries and Bottle Wines always on hand.

10tf

10tf—On Tuesday, a small black and tan terrier. The finder will be suitably rewarded by leaving him at the residence of H. J. Trentman, 175 Clinton street.

The Fort Wayne Sentinel.

ESTABLISHED 1833.

SATURDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 13, 1886.

PRICE THREE CENTS

A SPICY!

Letter from Hon. Charles McCulloch.

He Chats with the President, Secretary Manning, and Other Distinguished Men.

His Views on the Administration, and Personal Observations at the Capital.

HON. CHARLES McCULLOCH
Rambles Among the Great Men at Washington.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 10, 1886.

To the Editor of THE SENTINEL:
Since I wrote last I have seen and talked with three men who, I think it can be safely said, stand at the head of the executive, the financial and the legislative management of the government. The first is, of course, His Excellency President Cleveland, the second Secretary Manning, and the third Senator John Sherman, president of the senate. The latter is so well known on account of his long and distinguished career as a public man that I know I can say nothing new about him. I saw him in the senate the day he spoke upon the rights of the senate to call upon the president for all information he might possess concerning the fitness and qualifications of appointees for office, and it is only necessary to say that when he talks senators listen as well as people in the galleries, for he is strong in argument and gives the subject all the careful thought and investigation that it may deserve. I saw him the same evening at a reception at his own home, standing beside his wife, with a cordial greeting for every one who came in. Here in stature he towers above the tallest, as he undoubtedly does in ability and experience over a majority of the senators in the senate. John Sherman ranks among the ablest men of the country as a legislator and financier. Our sister state can well be proud of her representative that she has kept so long in the upper house.

At his reception I had quite a pleasant talk with Lieutenant Greeley, of Arois fame, and I also met Senators Harrison, Mahone, Evans and Mauderson, Chief Justice White, a \$19,000,000 man, John B. Allen, and many other distinguished people. Rich and beautiful were the toilets of the ladies, but Mrs. Mahone, a handsome woman, made the great display of diamonds. In fact, my eyes were so dazzled and my mind so occupied in estimating their value, that I almost forgot where I was. Since her husband, the senator, bravely fought on the rebel side, but finally went down in defeat, he must have been very fortunate as a money getter, for he lives in princely style and drives the finest span of horses in the city.

The voters of his state recently struck him a political blow between the eyes that staggers him for a time, and will soon end his senatorial career; but perhaps, like Banquo's ghost, he will not stay down any great length of time. My father being always a welcome visitor at the treasury department, we did not have to wait long to see Mr. Manning after our cards were sent in.

I can readily understand why the president appointed his friend, Mr. Manning, secretary of the treasury since I have seen him. Except in the features of the face they are as much alike as Robinson and Crusoe in the "Two Dromedaries." Mr. Manning strikes me as being a capable, self-reliant man. He is large, weighing not less than 225 pounds, is easy and pleasant in his manner, and, while he does not flit his position a head of roses, he will undoubtedly be equal to every emergency that may occur. In addition to being an editor, and the managing politician in Albany, he was the president of the best bank in that city. With a capital of three hundred thousand, he has accumulated a surplus fund of \$450,000. He said to us that he wanted the country to have all the silver that could be used; that he was a bi-metalist, but he was opposed to one standard, and that silver instead of gold.

At the executive mansion we walked up the flight of stairs that have been trod by many presidents and by millions of politicians, office seekers and those like myself, curious to see a president. My father recalled the sight he once witnessed, when the daughter of Mrs. Surratt laid upon the stairs, weeping and al-

most fainting, after seeking President Johnson in vain to spare her mother's life. The people then seemed to demand a sacrifice and Mr. Johnson believed Mrs. Surratt guilty with others in plotting the assassination of President Lincoln. But many, many times afterward did he regret that he did not relieve her from the death sentence, for, although she was intimately acquainted with the assassins, it was doubtful whether she was at all guilty of participation in that horrible deed.

From the general reception room, where many visitors wait, we passed through the cabinet room into the large oval red room, occupied most of the time by the president. Here he receives his visitors in the only democratic way, first come first served. As many were ahead of us I had a fine opportunity of watching him for at least half an hour, and know with what attention he listened to Senators Beck, of Kentucky, Voorhees, of Indiana, and several other members of congress, and how easily he turned any one off when he knew they were through or ought to be, and passed on to the next. Pleasantly and gracefully he received a party of ladies, and from a very thoughtful and serious expression of countenance he can break into a laugh so hearty that his whole manner shows that he thoroughly enjoys it. I told him I did not want to return to the baneful democratic county of Indiana without being able to say I had seen the president, to which he replied: "I am glad you have called to see me," and had a pleasant word to say about my voting for a democratic candidate for president.

What a hard worked man he must be, I thought to myself, receiving hundreds of people every day, talking to them on all kinds of subjects, and at the same time having to consider and to be held responsible for all the vast executive business of this great country; abused by some of those who ought to stand by him, simply because he does not think as they do upon the silver or some other question; expected by some to change all the office-holders in one year, and censured by others because he makes changes as fast as he does; held responsible for the character and fitness of every office-holder, when he is frequently deceived by those upon whom he relies for recommendations, and ought to trust. Verily, a president's lot is not an easy one, and commencing with a change of party, his position is harder to fill than that of any president since Mr. Lincoln; but I feel confident that the party made no mistake when they selected him, and that his aim will be to keep his party true to the fundamental principles of government that kept it in power for so many years prior to the war. President Lincoln defined democracy to be: "The government of the people, by the people, for the people;" and Theodore Parker said it meant, "not I am as good as you are, but you are as good as I am." Verily, if the party assumes the name it ought to strive to realize its meaning. I believe President Cleveland will do all in his power to make it worthy of perpetuation.

CHARLES McCULLOCH.

A LIVING BAROMETHER.

It is a well-known fact that several of our smallest animals are so sensitive to changes from heat to cold, and from dry to moist, that they foretell those changes some time in advance.

In the Smithsonian Institution's list of animals valuable to man, the tree-toad is mentioned as an excellent weather prophet, and I can testify to its power of foretelling the change in the weather. I have in my possession a paper-weight in the form of a bronze frog supporting upon its back a glass tube with a bulb at the bottom. Some months ago I was fortunate enough to catch a tree-toad, and, having heard of his ability as a weather-prophet, I put him into my glass tube and made from matches a small ladder so that he could climb up or down within the tube. I soon found that the approach of a change in the weather was always noticed by the little prisoner, who climbed toward the top whenever the air grew moist or before rain, and as invariably descended toward the bottom of the tube in advance of the coming of dry weather.—St. Nicholas.

Riddles.

A lady asked a gentleman his age. He replied, "What you do in everything." X. L. So does Taylor's Cherokee Remedy of Sweet Gum and Mullein excel over all other medicine for coughs, croup and consumption.

Speak only two letters and thus name the destiny of all earthly things. D. K. But many have died too early from a neglected cough or cold. If they had taken Taylor's Cherokee Remedy of Sweet Gum and Mullein is taken in time it will prevent any evil results. It cures coughs, colds and consumption.

An Adding Machine.

It is announced that C. G. Spaulding, of Springfield, Mass., after twelve years of laborious application, has perfected an adding machine which is a marvel of ingenuity and precision. It is described by the Springfield Republican as being in a wooden box about eight inches square and three deep. On lifting the cover the interior is seen to hold an enameled white surface on which are two dials, and which shows the brass keyboard in the lower left hand corner. The larger dial of the two is on the left of the machine, and is divided into 100 sections. The rim of the smaller dial is cut into twenty sections. The hand which moves about the first dial is called the unit pointer. That which moves about the smaller one is called the hundreds pointer. A little finger play on the brass keyboard makes the object of the dials and the reason of the pointers' names quickly understood. The keys on the board are numbered from one to nine, and are placed in regular order, but also in two rows—2, 4, 6 and 8 being above, and the odd numbers below. The key is a brass upright, and as the finger draws on it a spring allows it to slip back toward the lower end of the box. The pulling of each key on the board sends the unit pointer along on its journey around the dial as many points as there are units in the number of the key. Pull the 9 key, and the dial set at 0 goes to 9. Pull the same key again, and the unit pointer moves to 18. Pull the 1, 2, 3 keys now, and the pointer goes consecutively with a hop, skip and a jump to 24. When the unit pointer, keeping up its agile athletics, has reached its starting point again, there is a quick little motion on the right hand dial. The pointer then has "dotted and gone one." The machine's internal clockwork is claimed to be more accurate than a human hand can hope to be. It isn't troubled with malaria, nor is it ever larger in the morning than it was the night before. All the accounting has to do is to run his eye up and down the columns, pulling each respective key as he reaches the corresponding figure. A day is sufficient in which to learn the keyboard, and the motion of the hand quickly becomes almost involuntary. If the machine fulfills its promise it ought to be a boon to clerks in hunting for an elusive balance.

JOSEPH ARCH's democratic ways have led to the publication of some of the rules of etiquette observable in the British Commons. Arch, who has been an agricultural laborer and is now an agricultural trades-union agitator, appeared in the House dressed in a suit of tweed and wearing a low-crowned hat. This is not in form. The regulation dress is the solemn black and the headgear a "stovepipe." In his maiden speech he addressed the Speaker as "sir," and addressed some remarks to the members as "gentlemen." All remarks should be addressed to "Mr. Speaker." Some other members were also guilty of "bad form." They took off their hats when the "Black Rod" entered to summon the faithful Commons to the Lords. The rule is to wear the stovepipe even on the most solemn occasions—the receipt of a message from the Queen being the only exception—and even then Irish and Radical members wear their "stovepipes." The new members "clapped" when Mr. Gladstone entered. They should have "cheered." Mr. Arch, if may be mentioned, is not the only member who offends by wearing the "Darl." Several of the new Radicals have followed his example. Joe Cowen and Richard Lalor were the only "eccentricities" in this line in the old Parliament.

HOW URUGUAY BUTTER IS MADE.
One of the curious customs is the manufacture of butter. The dairyman pours the milk, while still warm, into an inflated pig or goat skin, hitches it to his saddle by a long lasso, and gallops five or six miles into town with the milk-sack pounding along on the road behind him. When he reaches the city his charming is over, the butter is made, and he peddles it from door to door, dipping out the quantity desired by each family with a long wooden spoon. Though all sorts of modern agricultural machinery are used on the farms of Uruguay, no amount of persuasion can induce the natives to adopt the wooden churn. Some of the foreigners use them, but the butter is said to be not so good as that made in this curious primitive fashion. Fresh milk is sold by driving cows from door to door along the principal streets and milking them into jars brought out by the customers.—Cor. Inter Ocean.

Demosthenes, the Grecian orator, cured his stammering by having his mouth full of pebbles, and many are the modern orators who have cured their hoarseness by an occasional dose of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup.

DEATH

Dealt Out to Two Railroad Men.

Ex-Governor Seymour Dies Peacefully at the Home of His Sister Last Night.

The Mississippi River Running High and Trouble Feared if the Flood Continues.

HORATIO SEYMOUR

Breathes His Last at His Sister's Home Last Night.

By Telegraph to THE SENTINEL.
UTICA, N. Y., Feb. 13.—Ex-Governor Seymour died at 10 o'clock last night at the residence of his sister, Mrs. Roseoe Conkling. He began to fail perceptibly at 4 o'clock yesterday. Shortly afterwards he rallied a little but soon relapsed into total unconsciousness. During his illness he experienced little, if any, physical suffering, and to-day he was wholly without pain. Mrs. Seymour, who is very ill, sat with her husband during the afternoon. Most of the time the ex-governor rested peacefully, and his condition could only be distinguished from natural sleep by the ashen pallor of his countenance and his labored breathing. At 8:30 he was sinking rapidly; his pulse could scarcely be counted and the respiration was more and more difficult. He expired without a struggle and as peacefully as if sinking to sleep. The beginning of ex-Governor Seymour's physical ailments dated from a sunstroke, which befel him in the summer of 1876, while he was at work on the roads of his town as pathmaster, an office which he was wont to say he had asked for. The immediate cause of his death was cerebral effusion, the usual process of death in old age.

CAME QUICKLY.

Two Men Killed in a Railroad Wreck.

By Telegraph to THE SENTINEL.
OSWEGO, N. Y., Feb. 13.—The limited express, which left Oswego last night at 8:45 on the Ontario and Western road, ran into a wash-out about a mile west of Liberty this morning. The engine, express car, baggage car and one coach were thrown from the track. George St. John, the engineer, and Fireman O. L. Lewis were killed. Three passengers were hurt.

THE CATTLE

Did not Suffer so Very Much.

By Telegraph to THE SENTINEL.
CHICAGO, Feb. 13.—According to a morning paper it does not appear that the cattle losses of the present winter in Texas, Kansas, Colorado, Dakota and Wyoming have been heavy. Reports from Texas show but losses of 5 per cent, from Kansas the number frozen during the late blizzard is put at 25,000 instead of 100,000, as has been stated heretofore; in Colorado, the losses are not over 2 per cent, and in Wyoming, 1 per cent.

THE RIVER HIGH.

The Mississippi in a Dangerous Way.

By Telegraph to THE SENTINEL.
ATTOX, Ill., Feb. 13.—A disastrous flood is imminent along the Mississippi, unless the weather turns colder and locks up the overflowing streams now pouring into the Mississippi. The river is now almost at flood height, but the sides are solid with the ice gorgo, in many places clear to the bottom. There is probably as much ice between here and St. Louis as was ever before known.

A GIRL

Is Almost Lynched by a Mob.

By Telegraph to THE SENTINEL.
MATTOON, Ill., Feb. 13.—Last night at 10 o'clock, at Windsor, Ill., Miss Georgia Aldridge narrowly escaped hanging at the hands of unknown parties. She was alone in the house and stepping out of doors was seized by the hands and feet and weighted down with bricks and hung up to die. She was accidentally discovered by her brother. She can give no account of the affair and only says, "Oh, that man, that man!"

Dalton's Case.

By Telegraph to THE SENTINEL.
COLUMBUS, O., Feb. 13.—The habeas corpus case of Dalton, clerk of the court of Hamilton county, under arrest for contempt of the house of representatives, was continued by the judge of the court of common pleas this morning, to a week from to-day.

A FAMILY COMFORT.

A good dictionary of the English language is a great comfort in a family. If there is any doubt about the meaning or the pronunciation of a word, let it be hunted up at once. A failure to know the full and correct definition of words leads to a slovenly manner of reading. How often do we find men who have the native talent and shrewdness for almost any business, upon being called on to read an article from a newspaper or book, do it so bunglingly that it makes a good reader feel unpleasant to hear it? Such pronunciation! Words that they have learned by observation to speak properly when conversing, you would think altogether different when they come to speak them in reading. As to pronunciation, it is of no use to them. They go over it all like a blind horse over a corduroy road—step so high as to be sure and clear it all. And this evil seems likely to continue, in some places at least, where schools are conducted on the most approved plans, with teachers possessing diplomas, and with no end of school books. A bright child will learn more at home in one evening, with the aid of a good dictionary, than in a week at a machine-school, where every sense save common sense is cultivated. The small abridged dictionaries don't amount to much, for if they do contain the words sought for, the definition is so much abridged that it often leaves the mind in doubt as to the proper place to use them.

GOVERNMENT OF WASHINGTON CITY.

The government of the District of Columbia has been, since 1874, in the hands of a commission appointed by Congress, which controls also the municipal affairs of the city of Washington. This commission, which is designated a "Board of Regents," consists of three persons, who are appointed by the President and confirmed by the Senate. Their term of office is four years, and they are removable for good and sufficient cause only. This board exercises the chief executive authority for District and city. Under its supervision are a number of bureaus, each controlled by a board of officers. These relate to and embrace the entire civil service of the District, except such as falls under the executive departments and the courts, and are known as the boards of health, education, police, excise, public works, fire, and buildings. They are all appointed by the regents, except the Board of Education, part of whose members are elected by the inhabitants of the District; and the Board of Public Works, whose controlling officer is appointed by the President from the engineer corps of the army. All these officers have a certain tenure of office, but may be removed by the regents for cause. There is also a municipal court, which has exclusive civil jurisdiction in matters noncognizable by justices of the peace, and any judge of this court may be designated by the Supreme Court of the District to hold a term and sessions of the police court if necessary. The taxes of the city and District are apportioned by assessors chosen by the Board of Regents, and are collected under the supervision of the collector of internal revenue for the District, and by him are paid into the United States Treasury. All other sums collected, for fines, etc., are also paid into the United States Treasury, and all payment of salaries, etc., or for necessary municipal expenses, are made from the United States Treasury. Each year the Board of Regents makes a report to the President concerning their service for the year past, and the application of public moneys, etc., and this report must be submitted to Congress for approval.—Inter Ocean.

A PARIS PAPER IS GETTING NERVOUS OVER THE EFFECT OF PASTEUR'S REMEDY.

Eleven persons who have been bitten by a mad wolf are now on their way from Southern Russia for treatment by M. Pasteur. We can not but view with some alarm this great influx of potential victims of rabies. What if some pilgrim from afar should not be able to reach M. Pasteur's laboratory before first symptoms had developed? There seems a chance that if ever an eastward-bound Atlantic steamer happens again to be delayed several days on her passage the boulevards might on her ultimate arrival be invaded by New Jersey non-barking and foaming at the mouth; while the prospect of being snowed up on one of the Eastern railways with a consignment of Russians inclined without notice to snap at the calves of their fellow-passengers is something blood-curdling.

G. H. L.—You have lost the hot Gold medals were awarded to St. Jacobs Oil at exhibitions in America, India and Australia.

EARTH!

Receives Gen. Hancock, the Superb.

Mrs. Hancock Kisses the Cold Hands and Forehead of Her Beloved Husband.

The Funeral Train to New York, Philadelphia, and the Last Resting Place.

TO THE GRAVE

Goes the Body of the Great Hancock.

By Telegraph to THE SENTINEL.
NEW YORK, Feb. 13.—Governor's Island was visited by a raging storm and is blanketed with a fog. Last evening everybody on the Island was allowed to enter the parlor in which General Hancock's body lay and take a farewell look. This morning between seven and eight o'clock, the widow of General Hancock, accompanied by Mrs. Lieutenant Griffin, and Mrs. Bonheur, entered the room where the hero lay and took a parting look. Mrs. Hancock kissed her husband's hands and forehead, while tears fell fast. The coffin lid was then put in its place and a funeral wreath from the Philadelphia division of Loyal Legion was placed upon it. Six soldiers, bearing the black, cloth-covered bier, came into the room, and placing the coffin upon it, bore the body out of the house. The detachment of troops drawn up outside then moved down the winding path to the steamer Chesler A. Arthur. The body was taken to Trinity church, and there it lay in state and was viewed by great crowds.

At ten o'clock the coffin was placed before the altar, the choir chanted "Lord let me know mine end," Rev. F. H. C. Goodwin read the lesson, the choir sang "Book of Ages," and after the burial service and reading of the Lord's prayer the coffin was returned to the hearse.

At 11:50 the train with the body drew out of the depot. The near relatives were in the rear coach and the escort and others in the forward cars.

PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 13.—The Hancock funeral train arrived at the Fifty-second street station at 2:07 p. m. Nonstop, Pa., Feb. 13.—Preparations have been made for the body of Gen. Hancock at 2:30. All carriages in the city are engaged by the reception committee and Loyal Legion. Upon the arrival of the body at the vault it will at once be placed in the catacomb. The General's wife would have preferred St. Louis, but when his father died and the grand son was buried here, the General's wish was to be laid beside them.

A special train bearing the remains of the late General Hancock arrived here at 2:50 this afternoon. The ceremonies here were carried out as arranged and the services at graves consisted simply of a salute of thirteen guns, followed by three salves. The body was quietly placed in the catacomb by pall bearers, after which the mourners dispersed.

THE MARKETS.

By Telegraph to THE SENTINEL.
NEW YORK, Feb. 13.—Wheat, 1 1/4c higher. No. 2 red, January, 91 1/2c. Corn, 1 1/4c lower. Mixed Western, 47 1/2c. Money easy at 1 1/2 per cent.

CHICAGO MARKET.

CHICAGO, Feb. 13.—Wheat, 79 1/2c. Corn, 37c cash and Feb. 38c. Oats, 30c cash. Rye, 59c. Barley, 60c. Flaxseed, 81 1/2c. Whisky, \$1.15. Pork, easy, \$11.10 cash and February. Lard, \$5.10 cash and February.

GUMPER

Tells You What Five Cents will Buy.

One qt. cranberries.
One qt. navy beans.
One qt. green peas.
One lb. dried apples.
One lb. new Turkish prunes.
One lb. Carolina rice.
Three boxes of Parlor matches, 200 in a box.
One lamp globe.
One large sifting box of blacing.
One cake "Pride of the Kitchen" scouring soap.
One large cake toilet soap.
One package Babbitt's 1776 Washing Powder.
One cake Rising Sun stove polish.
One box analb blacking.
One lb. pop corn.
One lb. starch.
One qt. sour kraut. Its ripe.
At the Keystone, 210 Cullinan street, 104

D'BULL'S CONSUMPTION SYRUP

Cures Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Croup, Asthma, Whooping Cough, Influenza, Consumption, and all other lung diseases. It is a powerful expectorant, and loosens the phlegm in the lungs, and cures the cough. It is a pleasant and palatable syrup, and is sold in all drug stores. Price 25 cents per bottle. Sold by all druggists.

Chew Lange's House. The Great Tobacco Ad-
vocate. -Sells 10 Cigs. -Sold by all Druggists.

Arrival and Departure of Trains

NEW YORK, CHICAGO & ST. LOUIS R. R.
GOING WEST. GOING EAST.
Ar. 1:30 pm. Ex. 1:50 pm. Ar. 1:50 pm.
Lv. 6:10 am. Accommodation. Lv. 6:45 pm.

PITTSBURGH, FT. WAYNE & CHICAGO R. R.
GOING WEST. GOING EAST.
12:30 pm. Lv. Mail and Ex. 1:50 pm.
6:10 am. " " " " 9:00 pm.
6:50 pm. " " " " 8:00 pm.
1:15 am. " " " " 12:10 pm.
3:10 pm. " " " " 6:00 pm.
5:00 am. " " " " 6:50 pm.
*Daily. All others daily except Sunday.

WABASH, ST. LOUIS & PACIFIC R. R.
GOING WEST. GOING EAST.
6:25 am. Lv. Limited Ex. 8:00 pm.
10:01 pm. " " " " 6:50 am.
6:30 pm. " " " " 12:10 pm.
6:30 pm. " " " " 5:25 am.
*Daily. *Except Sunday.

Limited Express, from our cars. Through
Mail, Wagner sleeping cars between New
York and St. Louis.

INDIANAPOLIS TIME CARD.

LV. FT. WAYNE. AR. INDY.
5:25 am. " " " " 11:00 pm.
12:01 pm. " " " " 6:15 pm.
8:30 pm. " " " " 1:40 pm.
Leave Indianapolis at 7:15 am; arrive at Fort
Wayne at 1:10 pm.
Leave Indianapolis at 2:15 pm; arrive at
Fort Wayne at 7:50 pm.
Leave Indianapolis at 11:30 pm; arrive at
Fort Wayne at 6:50 am. Woodruff Sleeper on
this train.

GRAND RAPIDS & INDIANA R. R.

GOING NORTH. GOING SOUTH.
2:45 am. Lv. Mail and Ex. 1:00 pm.
3:00 am. " " " " 5:35 am.
8:00 pm. " " " " 12:10 pm.
Accommodation train arrives from the south
6:35 p. m.
Accommodation train goes south at 5:35 pm.
Trains daily except Sunday.

LAKE SHORE & MICHIGAN SOUTHERN.

(Fort Wayne Division.)
FROM NORTH. GOING NORTH.
10:45 am. Ar. Channahon. Lv. 4:40 pm.
3:40 pm. " " " " 11:35 am.
6:30 pm. " " " " 8:40 am.
*Trains daily except Sunday.

FT. WAYNE, CINCINNATI & LOUISVILLE
GOING SOUTH. FROM SOUTH.
10:25 am. Ar. Ind. & Cin. Ex. Lv. 5:00 pm.
4:00 pm. " " " " 11:00 am.
5:30 pm. " " " " 12:10 pm.
6:00 pm. " " " " 6:00 am.
Trains daily except Sunday.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Get your retailer for the Original 83 Shoe.
Beware of imitations.
None Genuine unless bearing this Stamp

JAMES MEANS' 83 SHOE.

Best Quality, Comfort and Ap-
pearance. A postal card sent
to the nearest office will
inform you how to get this shoe
in any State or Territory.
J. Means & Co.,
11 Lincoln St., Boston, Mass.

This shoe stands higher in the estimation of
wearers than any other in the world. Thousands
who wear it will tell you so. If you see them.

A BIG OFFER.

To introduce
GIVE AWAY 1,000 Self-Operating Wash-
ing Machines. If you want one send us
your name, P. O. Box 100, New York, N. Y.
THE NATIONAL CO., 212 St. N. Y. 2-11

FOR COUGHS, CROUP

AND
CONSUMPTION USE
TAYLOR'S
"CHEROKEE"
REMEDY

OF SWEET CUM AND
MULLEIN.

The sweet gum, as gathered from a tree of the
same name, growing along the small streams in
the Southern States, contains a stimulating ex-
pectorant principle that loosens the phlegm pro-
ducing the early morning cough, and stimulates
the lungs to throw off the phlegm in a healthy
and wholesome manner. When combined with the
healing mullein principle in the mullein plant,
the result is a powerful and pleasant remedy for
coughs, croup, whooping cough, and all other
lung diseases. It is a powerful expectorant, and
loosens the phlegm in the lungs, and cures the
cough. It is a pleasant and palatable syrup,
and is sold in all drug stores. Price 25 cents
per bottle. Sold by all druggists.

DR. JAMES M. DINNER,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
No. 75 Calhoun Street.
Grand Rapids, 66 West Wayne Street

The Daily Sentinel.

SATURDAY, FEB. 13, 1886.

THREE SUITORS;

—OR—

My Face is My Fortune,

—BY—

GEORGE W. AINSLEE,

AUTHOR OF "HER LIFE'S ROMANCE," "THE
ADOPTED ONE," "A MUTUAL WRONG,"
ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XVII.

It was fortunate for Fred's peace of
mind that he and intuition of how Miss
Denison was engaged when he called at
her door a few hours later, and was
informed that all the inmates of the
house were out.

He scribbled a few lines on his card
accepting the invitation, and then con-
tinued his way out of town—for he was
charged with the important mission of
having an evening dress sent to Con-
stance.

The young lady whom he had failed
to see was not very far away.

A few squares distant, her pretty
pony-phaeton is drawn up close to the
pavement, and she is talking eagerly to
a gentleman who is no less a person
than Mr. Charteris.

She was driving rapidly down the

street when she saw him sauntering
under the trees, and having met him
once or twice during the past few weeks
at Monkton, she instantly conceived the
brilliant idea of securing him for her
evening's entertainment. It was
the work of an instant to utter his name
and draw up her carriage by the spot
where he paused.

"How fortunate that I should meet
you, Mr. Charteris," she said, eagerly.
"I was just thinking of sending a note
to Scarfell, asking if you could come to
a little dance at our house this evening.
Pray don't say no, for in that case I
shall feel sure that you scorn anything
like provincial festivity."

"You are very kind, Miss Denison,"
was his reply, "and nothing would give
me more pleasure than to accept your
invitation if I were not intending to
leave Cishorough to-night."

"But why should you leave it?" said
the young lady, "at least, until late?"
You mean, of course, that you are only
going out to Scarfell, do you not?"

"I regret to say my meaning is that I
am going to much more remote regions.
I leave by the late express."

"Oh, but don't leave!" said the young
lady, pleadingly. "Is there any particu-
lar reason why you should? Can you
not stay until to-morrow? Can I offer
you no inducement to stay—not even a
dance with Constance?"

Few things could have been more
distasteful to Charteris than the arch
expression which accompanied the last
words; but he suggested a thought to
him. He was debating the question
mentally when Miss Denison stopped
him, and her words suggested an im-
mediate solution of it.

By yielding to her request he pro-
vided himself with an excuse for not
leaving; and although he entertained
little hope that he should see Constance,
there was a shadow of a chance that he
might do so.

These reflections passed swiftly
through his mind before he answered.

"You tempt me very much; and
since there is no pressing reason for my
going to-night, I think I shall defer my
departure in order to accept your invita-
tion. It will be a pleasant memory to
carry away, as a close to my exceedingly
pleasant visit to this part of the coun-
try."

Miss Denison was delighted, and ex-
pressed her delight frankly.

Then urging upon him that he must
not change his mind she drove away,
chained with herself and with her
power to grasp an opportunity.

"So glad to see you, my dear!" said
Miss Denison, greeting Constance effu-
sively, when the latter arrived, attended
by Fred. "I have a pleasant surprise
for you. By the most delightful, ac-
cident I met Mr. Charteris in the street
this afternoon, and induced him to delay
his departure—in of course you know he
was intending to leave by the night ex-
press—in order to be here to-night.
Are you not heart broken at the thought
of his going? I know I should be if he
were my chair."

Constance puts up her lip and her
shoulder with pretty effectiveness.

"Heart-broken?" she exclaimed.
"That is very likely. Of course I am
sorry Mr. Charteris is going; but some-

we shall manage to exist without him.

"Men may go, and men may go," and
it isn't worth while to mourn over their
coming and going. Then walking to a
mirror to scrutinize herself, she asked,
"How do I look to-night, Charlotte?"
Without flattery, remember. I ask
because I have not been very well
to-day."

"I never saw you looking better,"
replied Miss Denison, with emphasis.
"Your dress is so very becoming."

"I sent for it because it is the most
becoming I have," said Constance,
looking at herself approvingly.

She was that she had sent for
her prettiest toilette; that she did rub
the color into her glowing cheeks, and
summon light to the starry eyes that
looked back at her from the mirror.

Her object was that nobody should be
able to say she was mourning for Char-
teris; but now that she hears he is to be
present, she is doubly anxious to look
her best and seem her brightest.

"He shall know that I was under the
impression he was gone," she thinks,
with a sense of cordial gratitude to Fred
for having made her come.

Fred, who was standing at the foot of
the staircase, waiting for her in rather a
dejected mood was altogether sur-
prised by the tone of her voice when
she came down and laid her hand on
his arm.

"You have not asked for the first
dance, Fred," she said; "But I suppose
you want it?"

"I should think so, indeed!" he an-
swered, quickly. "There has been a
set or two danced already, and we are
rather late, you know, come!"

The next moment they were in the
room, his arm round her waist, and they
were circling over the polished floor.

"There is a waltz together, so I am,
they know each other's step so well,
and their delight of both was so great,
the exercise, that fatigue came to neither;
and so, when Charteris arrived some
time later, the first sight that met his
eyes was Constance's flushed, radiant
face over Fred's shoulder as she was
borne round and round in the swift,
intoxicating whirl.

What a shock that sight conveyed to
his self-love it is difficult to express.

"She thinks that I have gone—gone,
ton, without a word of farewell; and
this is how much she cares!" he thought.
"Is it possible that I have been the
sport of a heartless flirt? What a fool—
what a consummate fool I have been!
Why, from present appearances, she
may very likely marry March to-morrow,
and I shall have gained nothing at all!
By Jove! she has a steady head!"

This tribute of admiration was involun-
tarily wrung from him by the recol-
lection of how many women in the
course of his extensive experience had
proved to have had the reverse of steady
heads where he had been concerned.

And this girl could be subjected to
all the dangerous fascinations of his
society—could hear his declarations of
passion—and then, with blooming cheek
and laughing eyes, could dance with
such enjoyment on the night of his
departure!

As he watched her, and his gaze fol-
lowed the graceful figure and the flower-
crowned head, he was torn by so many
conflicting feelings that he could scarce-
ly reply to the remarks of his hostess.

It was with him the old, old story of
his sex—that which is given losses its
value, while that which is beyond reach
seems priceless.

Had Constance shown any intention
of returning his passion, he would
scarcely have lingered for further un-
pleasant complications; but her ap-
parent indifference stung him to the
keenest determination to win the avowal
he desired to hear.

What Fred Osborne's sentiments
were, when, having placed Constance in
a seat at last, he stood frowning her, and
glanced to glance across the room,
only to perceive the well-known face of
the man whom he believed to be many
miles away by this time, it would be
vain to say. A cloud came over the
whole gay scene, and with a voice
which would in itself tell Constance
what was the matter, he said, "Why,
pardon me, Charteris! Did you expect
to see him here?"

"Is it probable that I did," she asked,
quietly, "when you told me this after-
noon that he was gone?"

"I told you what he said," was Fred's
reply, "that he was going."

"And I had no reason to doubt it,"
answered she, "I was quite surprised
when Charteris told me when she went
to the dressing-room with me that she
had met him in the afternoon, and per-
suaded him to remain for the evening."

"He was not hard to be persuaded, I
imagine," said Fred, with intense bitter-
ness of feeling, "I don't believe he
ever meant to go."

"He may have meant to go, and
changed his mind," said Constance,
carelessly, feeling impatient at his man-
ner of speaking; while Fred, felt much
aggravated at her exasperating Charteris.

All his ideas were again thrown into
confusion.

As he saw Charteris advance across
the floor, he put Constance's fan abruptly
into her hand.

"I had better go," he said. "You
won't need me any more."

Something like a flash came into her
eyes as she glanced quickly up into his
face.

"You are foolish and utterly unrea-
sonable," she said. "Whose fault is it
that I am here? But go by all means,
if you like. I confess I am tired of jeal-
ousy and ill-nature."

Permission being thus given him to
go, Fred Osborne naturally did not
take advantage of it, and he was still
holding his place, looking irresolute
and lowering when Charteris approached.

"How glad I am to meet you here to-
night, Miss Melfort!" he said, with his
easy grace. "I was on my way to bid
you farewell this afternoon, when Miss
Denison stopped me, and persuaded me
to defer my departure until to-morrow
by holding out the hope that I should
see you to-night."

His tranquil, untroubled manner, his
conventional ways might veil anything
or nothing, Fred felt; but to Constance
his eyes were sufficiently intelligible in
their message when she met them. If
her own expressed anything, however,
it was the same careless indifference
which filled her voice when she said,
pulling her slender fingers into the
hand he extended, "I am a little sur-
prised to see you. Fred told me this
afternoon that you had gone."

"A very natural conclusion on the
part of Mr. Osborne," said Mr. Char-
teris, looking at Fred with a sort of
amused expression. "I made my
adieu at Monkton, expecting to leave;
but since I was so unfortunate as not to
find you there, I certainly could not
have been negligent as to leave Char-
teris without seeing you, so I de-
ferred my departure until to-morrow,
and Miss Denison prevailed on me to
postpone it till to-morrow. Now may I beg
for a dance?"

Agua free, unknowingly, and cer-
tainly unintentionally, had served his
rival's interest well. Were he not stand-
ing by, it was probable that Constance
might have refused this request, al-
though it was accompanied by an en-
treating glance from eyes that well
knew how to entreat; but to refuse it
were to acknowledge that something
existed between Charteris and herself
beyond the pale of conventional inter-
course.

She hesitated an instant, then rose,
notable to tell whether she regretted
most the necessity for so doing, or
whether she was most glad that circum-
stances had forced upon her this last
task of love's bitter sweetness.

Half an hour later the dance was
over, and Charteris' opportunity had
come. In the dusky dimness of a sum-
mer night, at the remote end of the
balcony, with fragrance and music filling
the air, what place or more sug-
gestive surroundings could be found for
a lover's passionate pleading? And his
pleading was very passionate, for every-
thing united to make the thrill of (which
can never be mistaken or simulated)
earnestness in his voice. It seemed to
him that the summer starlight never
shone upon a fairer woman than she
who sat beside him, so near that he saw
the trembling motion of her hand as
she listened.

For she did listen, and as Charteris
grew more eloquent, more urgent, he
remembered that "the woman who lis-
tens generally yields."

"Does he wish this woman to yield to
his suit?" mused Charteris. At this
moment he certainly does.

All other considerations have faded
from his thoughts, forced into the back-
ground by the strength of a passion
which, whether or not destined to be
lasting, assuredly now deserves the
name of love.

And Constance, conscious of the trait-
or within the fortress of her heart, felt
that the struggle was too great for her,
that the temptation was beyond her
power of resistance. Even the fallow-
up "honor" seemed to have failed.

She sat and listened like one under a
spell.

"You do not deny that you care for
me," said Charteris at last, exultantly,
"and what is not denied is partly owned.
My beloved, will you not own it in
words? Will you not tell me that I
have won your heart, and trust me that
I will find the means to claim it, and
this?"

He took her hand as he uttered the
last word, and she did not withdraw it;
but although it remained in his clasp,
it was not with the yielding softness
with which some hands surrender them-
selves; but it was instinct, as he felt,
with nervous energy, that, like elec-
tricity, thrilled the slight fingers to the
tips.

"I should despise myself if I told
you that," said the girl at last. "You
have no right to ask it of me. You
should not press me in such a manner
as this. If I am weak, if I imply a
great deal by merely listening, you
ought to be content with that. You
ought to ask, and only ask, the rest when
you can give it with honor. And if that
time never comes, why then?"

"What then?" he asked, as she
paused abruptly.

"Then," she said, gathering up her
control again by an effort, "do not
fancy that I shall break my heart. It
may be well for both of us that time
and absence should test what we feel. I
have a suspicion that it may prove
only a midsummer night's dream."

"A midsummer night's dream!" he
said. "Ah, wait and see. But for the
pain of leaving, I should be glad to be
tested, for then you might trust me
more than you do now. Now I am con-
scious, very conscious, that you are
holding back, that you will not even
let yourself love me; but if I come back
true—"

"Free with honor," she interrupted,
"Do you think I could be free other-
wise?" he asked, with a touch of
wounded pride. "You judge me too
hardly because I could not prevent my
love for you bursting all bounds of con-
trol. You fail to realize the peculiar
circumstances of my engagement."

"I have just heard you dwell on them
all; but it seems to me that if it is mere-
ly a family arrangement, de-conscience,
you are none the less bound in honor to
fulfill it."

"Pardon me," he answered. "I
grant that I am in a degree bound in
honor to fulfill it; but surely you can-
not think that I am so much bound as
if my cousin's affections were involved?
I am sure she cares no more for me than
for any other eligible man who will look
after her fortune. You are worth a
thousand fortunes in yourself!" he said,
with passionate sincerity. "How could
money add to your surpassing sweet-
ness?"

She was not old enough, nor cold
enough to suggest that although it
could not add to her sweetness, it
might add very materially to his
comfort. Constance was no wiser
than her age and sex would warrant.
She listened, and listening, forgave
and trusted.

"If I am worth so much," she said,
"you must heed what I say. It is not
right of you to talk of love, and for me
to hear you now. But I shall hear you
when you return, if you will go away
when you return, if you will return when
you can come with freedom and honor."

This decision was by no means all
that Charteris desired. But he was
instinctively conscious that although he
had gained much from Constance, he
would gain no more, and that to hesi-
tate now would be to forfeit all he had
gained.

"You do not know how hard, how
more than hard, it is to leave you!" he
said, with unfeigned reluctance. "How
do I know that you may not shut the
door of Paradise in my face when I
return?"

"I have never broken my word yet,"
she replied, "and you have it. I shall
hear, and I shall answer, when you
return free and with honor."

CHAPTER XVII.

The mingled glory and decay of au-
tumn is upon earth, and the summer
nights, with all their stars and poetry,
have passed away, when Constance, on
a day of late September, stands at the
hall door at Monkton, and looked out
on the soft beauty of the scene before
her.

She is not exactly the same Constance
who parted with Charteris on that night
now two months gone by. She looks
older, and a little more grave; she has
lost of piquant girliness in her ap-
pearance, and more of the selfpossession
of one who has tested herself and learned
her own powers.

Indeed, so far as her power to attract
is concerned, she has lately had good
opportunity to learn its full extent, for
immediately following Charteris' depar-

ture, Mrs. Farquharson carried her away
on a tour of Continental travel.

At the majority of these gay resorts
Miss Melfort was admitted to be the
bell of the season; and Mrs. Farquhar-
son rejoiced in all the homage and
incense as if it had been offered to
herself.

Nor was Constance at all indifferent to
the admiration which she excited. The
diversion had been well and wisely
planned on her aunt's part, and its suc-
cess was all that the foresight of that
lady desired.

Had the girl remained at home, there
was every probability that, by the mere
concentration of thought upon her
absent lover, she would have drifted into
the deep waters of a *grande passion*; but
Mrs. Farquharson, with a profound dis-
trust of that gentleman, determined that
he should be "put out of her head," and
in a certain measure she succeeded in
that desirable end.

Scarcely two months and
more; and now that she was at home
again, it remained to be seen how far
the impression of her summer romance
had been effaced or yet survived.

It is likely that she has asked herself
this question as she stands looking
thoughtfully over the lawn and garden.

Only yesterday she had returned
home; to-day she has begun to gather
up the scattered threads of daily exist-
ence, and with these are intertwined
many associations that carry her thoughts
back to the weeks preceding her depar-
ture. While she is thus

"Telling her memories over,
As you tell your beads,"

her attention is caught by the appear-
ance of a horseman entering the gate,
and a moment later Major March rides
up to where she stands.

They met, these two, with the cordial
ease of old friends, for there was too
much simplicity and sincerity in both
for their regard to be diminished or
constrained by the recollection of what
had passed between them.

The gentleman smiles as he takes the
slender hand, and looks into the frank,
sweet face uplifted to his own.

"I have come to bid you welcome,"
he said. "If you had known how much
we have missed you, I think you would
hardly have stayed so long. Yet we
were not so selfish but that we were
glad to hear of your pleasure; and no
one was more glad than I."

"I am sure of that," she answered,
with a grateful, eager accent. "No
one has ever been more kind than you.
And I have had a great deal of pleasure;
so much so, that I felt as if I ought to
allow some other girl to share it. It
is not fair that one should have so
much."

He laughed.

Is it not? Well, there are many
things that are more unfair in this world.
I confess that I am quite satisfied that
you should have your pleasures with
several other girls. But tell me about
your triumphs and dissipations. Have
they spoiled you altogether? Are you
able to take up the old life and be con-
tent?"

"I think I can," she answered. "It
seems to me that I should be a very
poor person if I could not."

"I am not sure of that," he said. "It
is natural at your age; and with your
capabilities, we will say, it is very nat-
ural that you should love pleasure,
excitement and admiration. Don't
imagine, from my saying this, that I
think you vain," he added, speaking
more quickly than usual, as he saw a
slight flush spreading over her cheeks
and brow. "I never knew any woman
whom I considered less so. All I mean
is that it would not be strange if you
should find your quiet home life a lit-
tle dull after such a brilliant round of
gaiety; in fact, it will be very strange
indeed if you do not find it so."

"I have a better opinion of myself
than to fear I shall," she answered,
laughing. "I am fond of confessions
sometimes, but I should not like to live
on them entirely; and one might as
well do that, as lead a life of dissipation
all the time."

"Yet that is what many people do,"
he said.

"Yes," replied she; "but they are
the spoiled children of fortune, who
have been fed on bon-bons until they
have lost all taste for solid food. I hope
I never shall become so unhealthy in
appetite as to prefer champagne to tea
and coffee for breakfast."

"Tea and coffee are safer for the head,
certainly," said Major March; "but I
heard a young lady say the other day
that champagne and German flat made
everything else in life seem flat, stale,
and unprofitable."

"Germany! Oh, it is delicious!" cried
the girl, impulsively, her eyes sparkling
and her slender form becoming instinc-
tively, as it were, with the poetry of motion,
as if with the next moment it would
fling away on the melodious tide of the
"Beautiful Blue Danube." She began
involuntarily to hum that enlivening
strain, with the slurred foot that
peep from under her floppy white dress
beat soft time to the measure.

Major March's eyes are now fastened
on her, with a gaze half sad, half amused.

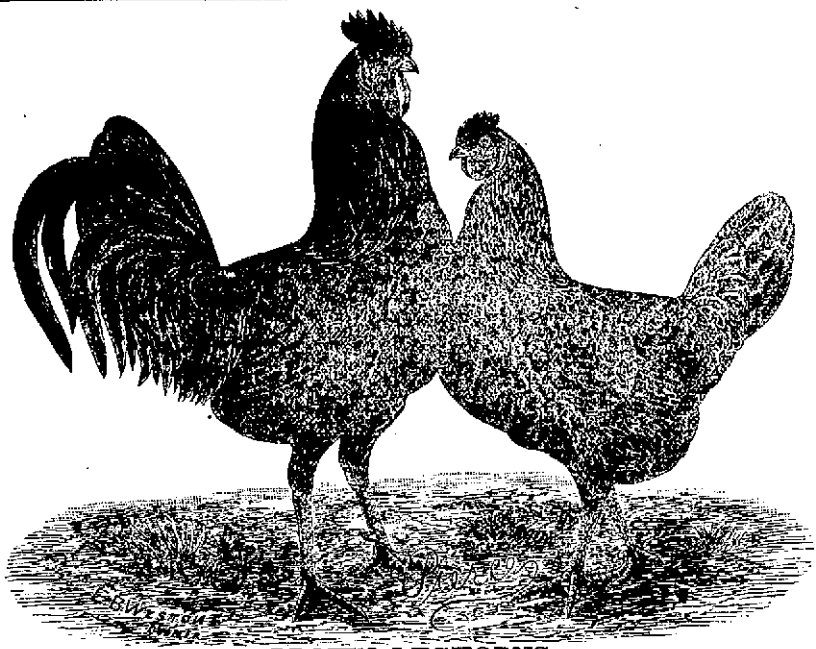
"What a radiant creature!" he thinks.
"How could I ever have dreamed for a
moment that she could be mine?"

"Don't you like Germany, Major
March?" she said, suddenly recalling
her thoughts from the reminiscences to
which they were straying. "I don't
remember ever to have seen you dance;
and yet you are so fond of music, that I
am sure you would dance well."

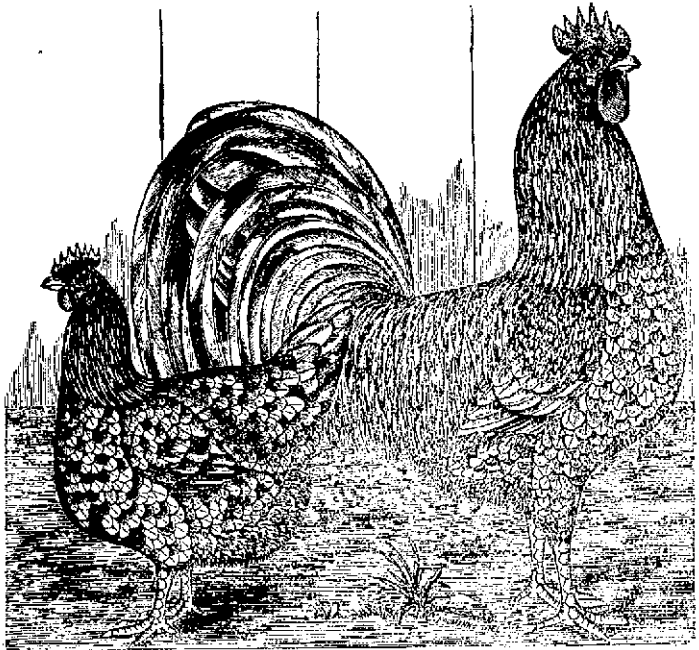
"My dancing days are over long ago,"
he answered.

"How much pleasure you miss!" she
exclaimed, with such genuine commisera-
tion that he laughed and said, "It by
no means follows, does it, that because I
don't care for waltzing, I may not have
as much pleasure as you, who are what
you young ladies would call 'devoted'
to it? There is a law of compensation
in all things, believe me."

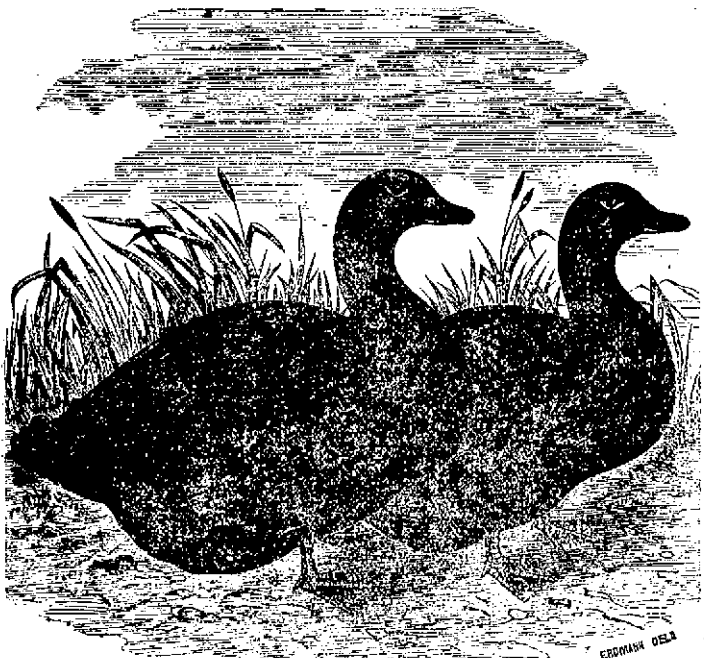
"Yes," she said; "of course every-
body has different tastes,



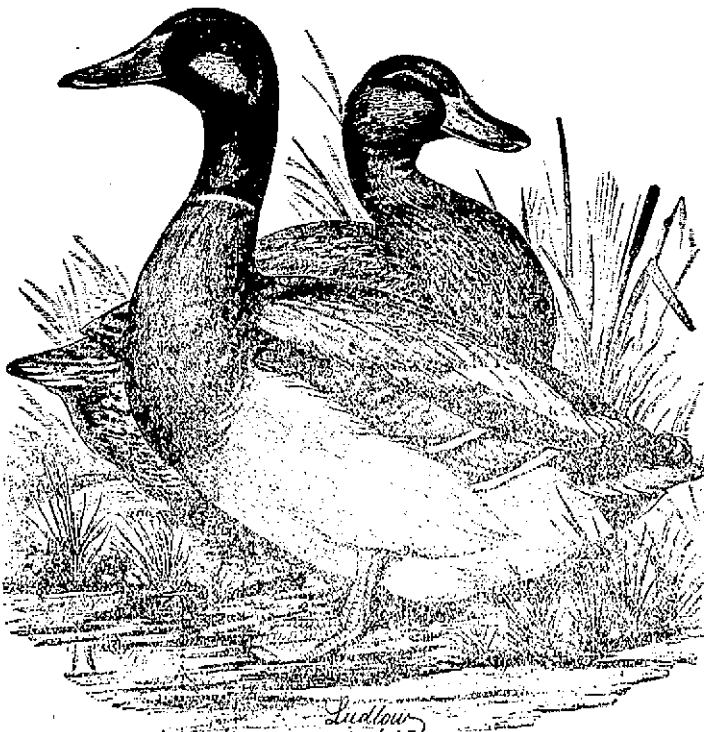
BROWN LEGHORNS.



MOTTLED JAVAS.



CAYUGA DUCKS.



ROUEN DUCKS.

UNIQUE WASHINGTON RESIDENCES.

Jacquin Miller's Log Cabin and Haywood's Alfy Castle.
[Special Correspondence.]

WASHINGTON, Feb. 10.—There is one man in the capital who is gradually rising. Though he now finds himself at night on a piano far above his fellow townsmen it is a question whether his ambition is as yet satisfied. He is Mr. A. B. Haywood, who fills a position in the pension office. When a soldier from New Hampshire, during the late war, his left arm was taken away by a shot nearly to the shoulder. Since then he has had more or less pain in the part left after amputation, and has discovered that he suffers less when removed some distance from the ground. He first built a cot four feet above ground, later still he erected one twelve feet from the ground which was very picturesque. The predatory inroads of tramps and negroes gave great annoyance. So he bought a plot of undulating land covered with oaks, and proceeded to build a habitation lofty enough to satisfy the most aspiring.



ALFY CASTLE.

His present habitation is called Alfy Castle. It is situated on a hill about three miles north of the Capitol. From this hill a magnificent view of Washington, the Potomac and the Virginia mountains may be obtained. As will be seen by the picture a platform has been built away up in the trees, with supports extending from the ground. Below outer portion of the platform hangs one apartment, the cellar or basement as it were to his home. A steep but strong stairs leads up to the platform, which is forty by seventy feet, and is forty feet above the nearest point of ground below. The first thing one realizes after the trap door closes which covers the top of the stairway is the solidity of the whole structure. The planks in the platform are narrow like those on the deck of a ship. The bracing air, the sound as if the wind was whistling through the rigging and the shipshape way in which everything is designed about the place suggests steamship cabin life. The curious shaped building at the left of the illustration is a bedroom about ten by sixteen feet, with the corner angles cut off. The high-pitched roof is covered with canvas over boards; there is no window and but one door, but it is as snug and warm within as one could wish. All around the sides lockers extend from raves to floor, as in a ship's cabin, giving the little room increased warmth, as well as furnishing closets.

From one of the houses on the platform a stair leads to the lower story. This is a kitchen dining room, neatly finished, carpeted and papered. Canvas and other water proof materials are tacked close about the exit and entrances of the old oak to keep out the cold air and moisture. The shaggy limbs are convenient hanging places for a quantity of housekeeping tatters and clothing and chairs, tables and chests, dishes and tools complete the furnishing of this strange habitation, suspended like Mahomet's coffin between heaven and earth. We see no little touches indicating woman's presence here, no traces of feminine adornings or quick-knucks. Windows look out on a broad expanse of country, and the feeling is that of being in an anchored balloon "far from the maddling crowd." Mr. Haywood is a bachelor. His only companion in Alfy Castle is a male colored servant.

Jacquin Miller's Cabin.

Another of the restful houses of Washington is the log cabin of Jacquin Miller, the "Poet of the Sierras." The exterior and the interior of this comfortable cabin are an exact counterpart of similar homes in the west. Miller is an authority on all the usages of frontier life, and here he endeavors to carry them out.



THE CABIN.

This log cabin is built on Marillian hill, outside Washington. The view from it is not to be excelled, and should gratify the most exacting poet's soul. From the well sweep out doors to the unwept corners of the interior everything suggests frontier life. There is the latch string on the outside and the big wooden button on the inside of the door. The floor has neither carpet nor mats, but rugs of fur. The broad bed as well as a lounge is covered with the skins of wild animals. The room is warmed by a log fire, burning in an open brick fireplace, the the shelf over the mantel are a few indications of civilization in the shape of photographs of personal friends. A tall, low dip and a little iron clock, together with some pipes are the only indications of civilization. The table on which the poet works is a plain wooden one without a covering of any kind. It is the most important piece of furniture in the house, for its broad surface becomes at times a reading place for everything movable which he has at hand and strong legs are hunched a collection of old boots and shoes such as one finds in the "repair" corner of a cobbler's shop. At the side of the table which the author usually occupies a narrow, narrow in the back and shoe collection by his feet when he stretches his limbs and yawns. Mr. Miller seems to enjoy the best of health here, and if it were not for a slight halt in his step could not be said to have lost any of his early vigor, a result which he claims is due to his not exposing himself to the unhealthy homes which are the product of our civilization.

FRANK HARTON.

ST. JACOBS OIL
TRADE MARK
THE GREAT
GERMAN REMEDY
for Pain
Cures Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Headache, Toothache, Sprains, Bruises, etc. Price, 25 Cents per Bottle. Sold by all Druggists and Dealers.
Prepared by J. C. Jacobs, 10, Baltimore, Md.

WHEAT
Baking Powder.
(GOLD MEDAL AT NEW ORLEANS.)
Endorsed by the leading Hotels in the Country.
Approved by the Government Chemists for the Indian Commission.
MARTIN KALBFLEISCH'S SONN.
Established 1828. NEW YORK.

PHOSACID.
10-cents a tin

CITY TREASURER'S SALE.
By virtue of a precept ordered by the common council of the city of Port Wayne, directed to the treasurer of said city, in obedience to said precept, I have levied upon the east 3/4 feet of lot numbered twenty-six (26) in Chute's Homestead addition to the city of Port Wayne, Indiana, to make the sum of eighteen dollars and seventy-five cents (\$18.75) with interest and cost thereon accrued and to accrue. I will sell the east 3/4 feet of said lot, or part thereof, to pay said claim, at public auction at the city court rooms of said city, on Wednesday, the 24th day of February, 1896, between the hours of 10 o'clock a. m. and 4 p. m. of said day, to satisfy the claim of William Horstman, by him assigned to Wm. Moellering for constructing a 4-foot double ring brick sewer on Walton avenue, in front of or near said lot. To be sold as the property of Henry Brandmiller.
HENRY C. BERGHOFF,
City Treasurer.
Jan. 31, 1896-3-3w.

CITY TREASURER'S SALE.
By virtue of a precept ordered by the common council of the city of Port Wayne, directed to the treasurer of said city, in obedience to said precept, I have levied upon lot numbered 12, Lewis' addition to the city of Port Wayne, Indiana, to make the sum of thirty-six dollars and fifty-four cents (\$36.54) with interest and cost thereon accrued and to accrue. I will sell said lot or part thereof, to pay said claim, at public auction at the city court rooms of said city on Wednesday, the 24th day of February, 1896, between the hours of 10 o'clock a. m. and 4 p. m. of said day, to satisfy a claim of Jos. Debecker, assignee of W. Oetting, for constructing an 18-inch clay pipe sewer in the alley in the rear of or near said lot. To be sold as the property of Frederick F. Niede.
HENRY C. BERGHOFF,
City Treasurer.
Feb. 1, 1896-3-3w.

Florida Orange Groves.
Parties seeking homes and Orange Groves in healthy locations in Florida at from \$1,000 to \$30,000 will serve their own interest by sending to my address for a printed circular, described Orange Groves and residences in all parts of that state. If you wish a town lot \$25x140 in the beautiful town of Palmetto at \$15 send also for a circular. Some of the best bargains in the state.
MACHIN DUNN,
Carleton House, Jacksonville, Fla.
Care 24-dwlm

GET IN BEFORE IT IS TOO LATE.

A \$40,000 stock to be disposed of at Half its Original Value.

Having purchased the stock of the late L. Schirmer & Co. for 40 cents on the dollar we can well offered to make prices never before heard of in the clothing business.

ROTHSCHILD BRO'S.,
27 CALHOUN STREET.

AMUSEMENTS.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.
BRADY & GARWOOD, Lessees and Managers.
C. H. HURLEY, Business Manager.
MONDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 8.
ONE WEEK.

Maxwell's Spectacular
Uncle Tom's Cabin Co

The grand old drama with magnificent scenery and spectacular effects original, new and novel. The Prismatic Fountain, the Flower of Butterflies, the Receding Angel, Cobweb Grotto, the Flower of Reason, Eva Descending from the Clouds, the Silver Lined Clouds, drop concluding with the Flower of Blyssian.

PRICES - - 10, 20 and 30c

Matinees Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday. Ladies and children admitted to any part of the house for 10 cents.

Reserved seats, one week in advance, at Woodworth's drug store, without extra charge.

Next week two grand companies: Feb. 15, 16, 17, Heryes' Dred Boy; Feb. 18, 19, 20, Harbs and Vonicer's Brave Woman.

MASONIC TEMPLE.
J. H. SIMONSON, Manager.
F. E. SPOUDER, Treasurer.

ONE NIGHT ONLY!
WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 17.

Fresh from Triumphs in New York, Boston, Philadelphia and Chicago.

The Favorite Metropolitan Comedian,

J. B. POLK

Supported by his own Comedy Company under the management of Frank G. Cotter, presenting the whimsical and satirical comedy written expressly for him by Dr. T. H. Sayre, entitled

"MIXED PICKLES!"
Prices—75, 50 and 25c. Box office opens Monday morning at 10 o'clock.

PRINCE'S SKATING RINK.
Corner of Main and Fulton streets.
SATURDAY EVENING, FEB. 12.
POLO GAME! RESERVES VS. PRINCE'S TEAM.
Ladies admitted free.
Monday and Tuesday evenings, Feb. 15 and 16, The Great Rinkers, Blanche and Will, Double Fancy Skaters. Said by the press to be the finest on the road.
FOOTE & O'CONNOR, Props.

METROPOLITAN THEATER.

T. E. MAGE, Sole Proprietor.

PRICES REDUCED!

All seats down stairs ten (10) cents.

Whole Night

For over a year, his suffering from Neuritis, was so great. Three doses of ATHLOPHOROS cured him.

Neuritis, though one of the most common and most painful of diseases, has hitherto all medical aid, and until the discovery of ATHLOPHOROS (chloroform) almost, if not quite incurable. Athlophoros is a powerful, quick-acting, and reliable remedy, though strong, is warranted by the facts. Thousands have tested its value and recommended it as the only remedy that brings relief. For those subject to neuralgia, or nervous headaches it is indispensable. Athlophoros cures an upset stomach, morphia, or other dangerous ingredients. It is absolutely harmless and universally successful in the prompt cure of this painful disease.

Ask your druggist for Athlophoros. If you cannot get it of him we will send it express paid on receipt of regular price—\$1.00 per bottle. We prefer that you buy it from your druggist, but if he has not it do not be pestered to try something else, but order at once from us as directed.

ATHLOPHOROS CO., 112 WALL ST., NEW YORK.

A. HATTERSLEY & SON,

PLUMBERS

Steam and Gas Fitters.

—DEALERS IN—

GAS FIXTURES!

Main Street, East of Clinton,
Fort Wayne, Ind.

Brass Work Iron and Lead Pipe

Lift and Force Pumps,

Sheet Lead, Bath Tubs, Wash Bowls,
Rubber Hoses, etc.

Old gas fixtures repainted, bronzed and made equal to new.

Candy

SEND

\$1, \$2, \$3 or \$5 for a sample retail box by express of the

BEST CANDIES

In America, put up in elegant boxes, and strictly pure. Suitable for presents.

Express charges light. Before to all of Chicago. Try it once. Address

C. F. GUNTHER, Confectioner,
Chicago, Dec. 12-24.

DR. T. J. DILLS

Has his office at his residence
NO. 108 EAST BERRY STREET.

Where he will give exclusive attention to all

DISEASES OF THE EYE AND EAR.

Office hours, 9 a. m. to 5 p. m.

DENTISTRY.

GEORGE A. LOAG.

Office Corner of Calhoun and Columbia
street, Over Graff's Jewelry Store.

MATHEY CAYLUS'

Used for over 25 years with great success by the
physicians of Paris, New York and London, and
recommends it to all others for the prompt cure of all

colds, recent or of long standing. Put up only in
the capsules containing capsules each. PRICE:
75 CENTS. NO. 108 EAST BERRY STREET, CHICAGO.

Prepared by
OLAN & CO.,
Paris.

CAPSULES

Everywhere.

A POSITIVE

Cure without
Medicine. Put
in the mouth
the most delicate
cure in four days or less.

Non-poisonous doses of eucalypti, or all of
conditions that our certain to produce relief
by dissolving the mucus of the throat.
Price 10c. Sold by all druggists or mailed on
receipt of price. For further
information send for our
Circular and Leaflet.
J. G. ALLEN CO.,
35 John St., New York.

CURE.

Men Think

they know all about Mustang Liniment. Few do. Not to know is not to have.

Mustang Liniment.

Mustang Liniment.

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The Daily Sentinel.

SATURDAY, FEB. 13, 1886.

THE THEATER.

The Latest Intelligence About

Theaters, Plays, and

Players.

AN UNFORTUNATE DESDEMONA.

The Combination System—A Lesson in

Managers—Henry Irving's Story

About Toole, Etc.

Henry Irving's Story About Toole.

The London Theatre Annual pro-

duces from "The Clover Papers" an

amusing anecdote told by Mr. Irving.

"When I was playing in Byron's

drama, 'Uncle Dick's Darling,' at the

Gaiety Theatre," writes Mr. Irving.

"My dear old friend, J. T. Toole, was

the bright, peculiar star of that enter-

tainment, and Adelaide Neilson was

the Darling. Now my friend Toole,

among many brilliant qualities, has a

notable faculty for business, and in the

invention of captivating posters and in

animating handbills he had at that time

no equal. Pray don't think that he

cares for such arts now, for he long ago

discovered their vanity when after play-

ing for a week in a certain place he met

the local hall printer to whom he had

paid a lot of money—and who greeted

him with 'Hello, Mr. Toole! how long

have you been here?' Still, before this

awakening, his activity in advertising

was extreme. One of his rivals—an

eminent tragedian—was once much

moved, when leaving a town, to find

his posters covered with the announce-

ment, 'Toole is coming' and the climax

of torment was reached when, going to

bed that night, he found his illustrious

legend pinned on his pillow. Well, my

indefatigable friend was not content

with playing superbly in 'Uncle Dick's

Darling.' He busied himself with all

manner of devices to popularize the

performance. He never went anywhere

without a bundle of labels in his pocket,

and if he happened to be in church, or

a police court, or any other place of

fashionable resort, was sure to leave

behind him a touching memento, stick-

ing in some prominent place, to the

effect that J. T. Toole was to be seen

at the Gaiety theater in 'Uncle Dick's

Darling,' every evening. And I

have lately been credibly informed that

one of these labels pleasantly adorns

the tombs of the Pharaohs."

One day when Irving and Toole were

called to go a little distance out of Lon-

don to attend the funeral of a fellow-

actor, their attention was attracted on

returning by a crowd surrounding an

object lying in the gutter. "My friend's

lively conversation which began upon

their arrival was continued throughout

the greater part of the evening. The

talk was, if anything, rather more ani-

mated when the curtain was up than

when it was down, and was loud enough

to annoy people in the neighborhood

who wanted to hear the music rather

than the small chatter of society, while

it disturbed the performers, and es-

pecially Conductor Thomas. I under-

stand that Mr. Thomas sent to the box

a polite request for better behavior

before adopting the more heroic remedy

of a public protest. It was only after

his reasonable suggestion had been

treated with contemptuous indifference

that he laid down his baton and sus-

pended proceedings long enough to ad-

minister a rebuke which was audible to

the people in the box, and which ought

to last them until they are fully grown.

There has naturally been a good deal

of talk on the subject in 'circles' during

the week. One one hand Mr. Thomas

is denounced for 'high-handed conduct,'

and indignation is expressed at the

'public insult' offered by him. It is

fair to say that criticism of this kind is

confined to the chattering and their

companions. Outside of the box Mr.

Thomas' conduct is heartily approved.

It is generally agreed that if no other

good result shall be achieved by that

excellent organization, the American

Opera Company, it will not have ex-

isted in vain, since it has given so ad-

mirable an opening for teaching people

who assume to mold the manners of

'the best society' a wholesome and

much-needed lesson to their own."

An Unfortunate Desdemona.

Patheos and bathos are not unre-

quently to be witnessed on the stage,

but it is seldom instances occur to heat

one that happened a few days ago at

the National Theater at Pesh. The

play was Shakespeare's 'Othello,' and

the leading parts were taken by Herr

Szaszay and Frau Pulsky-Markus,

both of high repute. Unfortunately

Desdemona had a cold, and to take such

a role as this under such circumstances

was a bold act on the part of Frau

Markus, but she did it. All went well

until the crisis in the play was reached.

Desdemona had been dispatched, and

while her lifeless body lay in the cham-

ber behind him, Othello began to give

expression to his pent-up feelings. The

audience was breathless, as audiences

will be at such times. The Moor

paused a moment, and ere he resumed

it was observed that an unmistakable

attempt to stifle a cough was being

made in the chamber of death he had

shortly quitted. But nature was not to

be trifled with; the cough was kept

back, but in its place there came from

the corpse of poor Desdemona a clear

and decided sneeze. Of course the au-

dience relished the contretemps, while

as for Frau Markus, she is said to have

been accorded an ovation of unusual

heartiness.—Pitt Mail Gazette.

The Combination Plan.

The combination system has pretty

nearly destroyed theatre work as an

exponent of distinctive art. The re-

remedy? Ah, that is plain enough; the

stock companies must be revived. They

are the schools of acting in which the

dramatic talent is discovered and nur-

tured. More than that, there is an ar-

tistic spirit in the associations of stock

company that gives the work the ear-

nest dignity that befits it. The efforts

of the actors have for an end something

beyond money-getting. Then, too, the

stock theater is a potent agent in lead-

ing the popular taste. I say "leading"

advisedly, for I believe that the popu-

lar taste—the taste of that most valu-

able element of society which, for want

of a better term, we call the common

people—is generally true and good in

itself. But it requires a direction and

guidance. If there should appear a

transient tendency toward the mere tri-

tritions, that tendency must be discour-

aged. To cater to it by presenting

plays and insinuating a style of acting

not in accord with what is best in art,

is to do wrong to those whom we would

please. The end of art is not amuse-

ment, but improvement and culture.

But, adhering to the concrete, let me

say that that which the dramatic art

in this country needs above all else for

advancement and ultimate perfection is

the establishment of an institution cor-

responding to the Comedie Francaise.

—Madame Modjeska.

The Man Lost.

Gluck may, perhaps, be regarded as

the most eccentric of German compos-

ers. To work himself into the proper

frame of mind, he used to put a bottle

of champagne on each side of the piano

and then begin. Hence in the humor-

al 'Iphigenia,' 'Amide,' 'Orpheus,'

the traces of a lively effervescence pro-

duced by champagne are clearly per-

ceptible. When Gluck was asked why

the words of Orestes, "Tranquillity once

more reigns in my heart," were accom-

panied by such forthright figures of the

double basses and violins, in evident

contradiction of the words, he replied:

"Don't you see the man lies? How can

tranquillity be in his heart when he has

just murdered his mother.

—Green-Rain Gazette.

Mr. KRENE expects to be able to re-

sume acting shortly.

LILLIAN RUSSELL is in New York

looking for an engagement.

An Invention for Detecting Fire-damp.

Another valuable application of elec-

tricity comes from an unexpected source.

It will be remembered that the brilliant

success of the play of 'Vic or Du-

rand' flashed before the public the name

of Henry Guy Carleton as the author. He

had for years been a newspaper writer and

as the editor of

Life had pro-

duced the brightest

and witliest society

paper of the day. But 'Vic or Du-

rand' and the an-

ouncement that

Henry Irving had

secured him to

write a play, to be

finished in an in-

credibly short time

and for an amaz-

ingly large pile of

money, made him

amused. After he

followed his mar-

riage, and then it

leaked out that he

was the author of

the humorous work

on the editorial page of The New York Times.

FANCY BIRDS

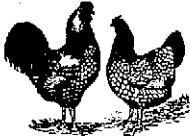
Displayed by the Northern Indiana Association.

The Choicest Fowls are Pictured and the Good Points of the Exhibition Painted.

A Great Show. This is the tenth annual exhibition of the Allen County Poultry association and the extent, variety and excellence of the feathered fowls displayed denotes its healthy growth. A chicken



show has not all of the attractive qualities of a dime show, nor has it the novelty of a circus or horse race; yet the business requires as much study, wisdom and ingenuity as any of the peaceful pursuits. In Fort Wayne and vicinity much of a taste for fancy fowls has developed itself and by perseverance and



careful work a few fanciers have reared some of the finest birds ever put before the eye of a judge. To most people a chicken is a chicken, and little do they dream how difficult it is to create and develop a distinct species. Peep at the monstrous, good-natured Light Brahma and the restless silver Sea bright Bantam; take the hardy Plymouth Rocks and the delicate Leghorn, the Dark Brahma and the Wyandottes or Partridge Coshin and the wicked



Game and mark how keenly, how distinctly and how marvellously different nature has penciled each. Then weigh them, size them up and they grow wondrous.

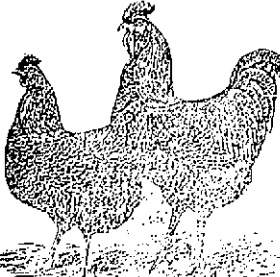
This business is not all for show, but for money. There is a fortune in the traffic if it is handled, and according to statistics in the poultry department of the American Farmer, of this city, none of the special peaceful pursuits has surpassed the poultry business in a remunerative way.

There are varieties about a poultry

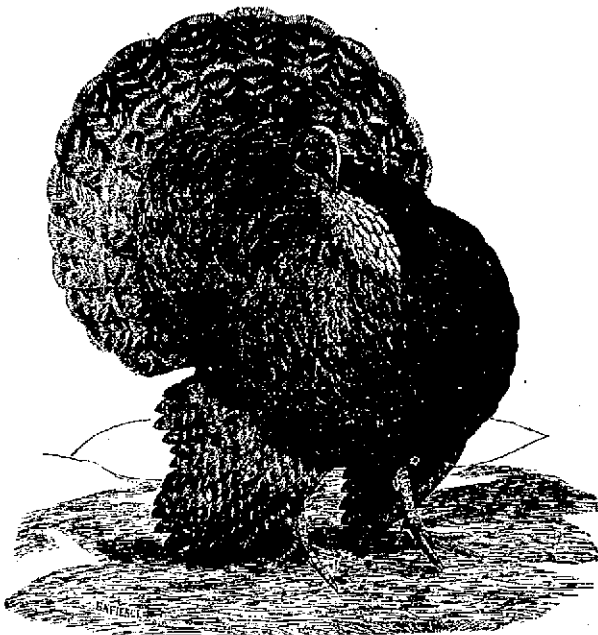


show, and to men in the business the present exhibition is a veritable Paradise. Ladies come in great numbers. Their little children go into ecstasies over the Bantams, pet the Brahmas and Cochins as they would a doll. Other birds are noted chiefly for their plumage, and every feather is tinted as by a master hand. This word-painting wearies one. To read it alone would scarcely hold his attention, but with characteristic enterprise THE SENTINEL presents faithful pictures of some of the favorite fowls, and on whose coops the red premium cards are tacked.

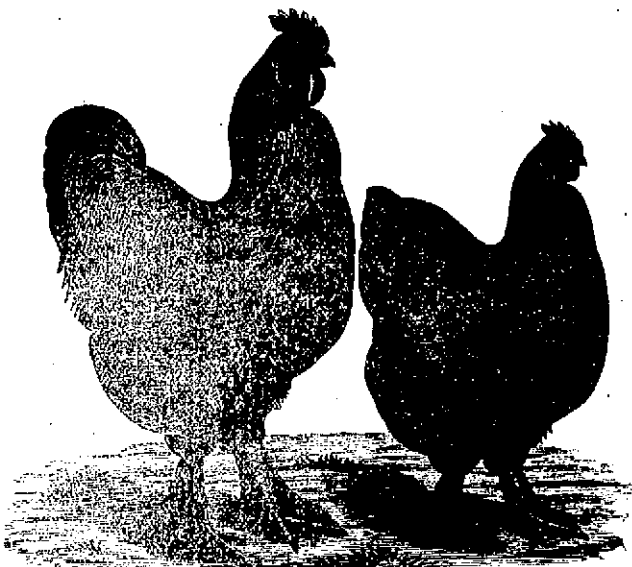
Besides the poultry exhibited, rabbits, pigeons, ducks, geese and turkeys are



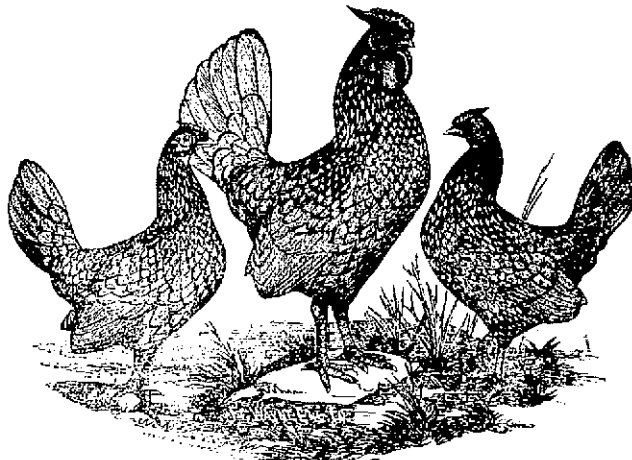
caged for the gaze of the curious, and a few of these are presented in picturesque style for the satisfaction of THE SENTINEL readers, who can cooly sit by their fireside and dream themselves into the very midst of the greatest exhibition of fine feathered birds on record here.



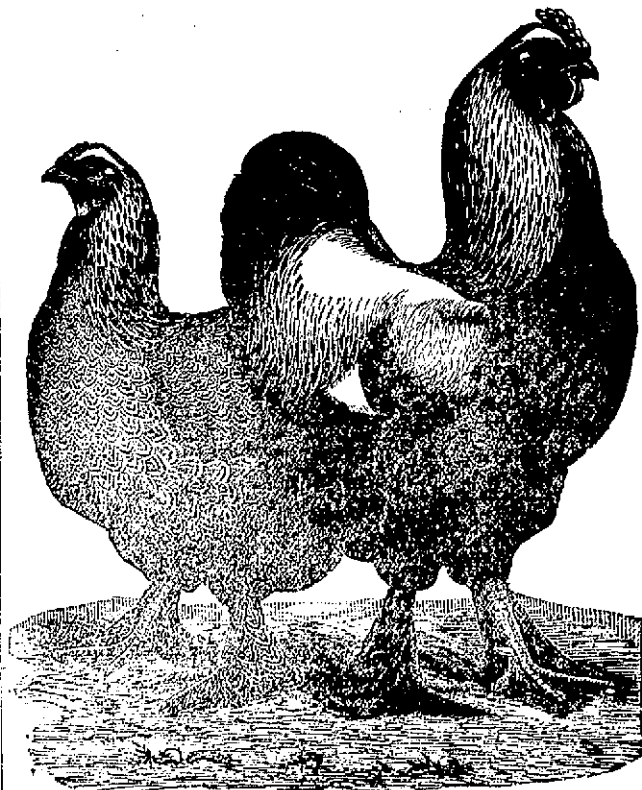
BRONZE TURKEY.



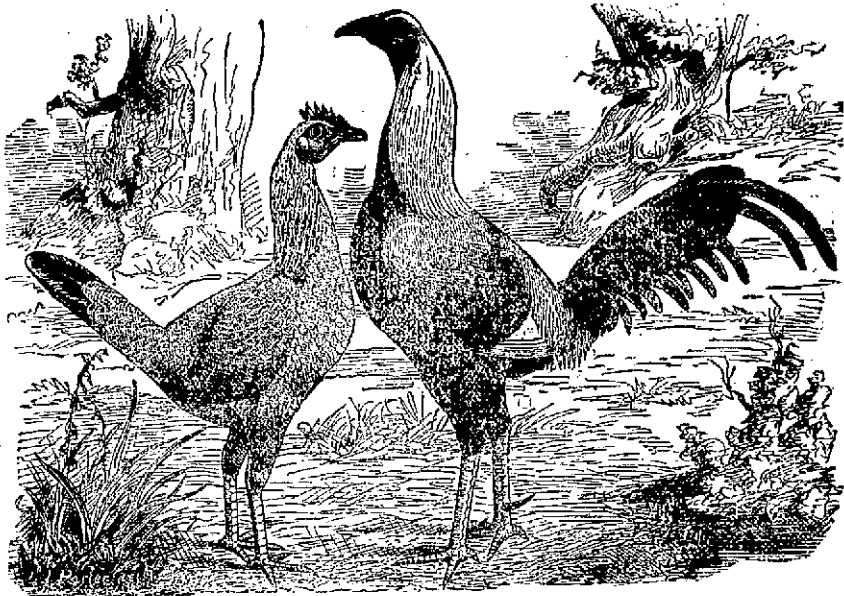
BLACK COCHINS.



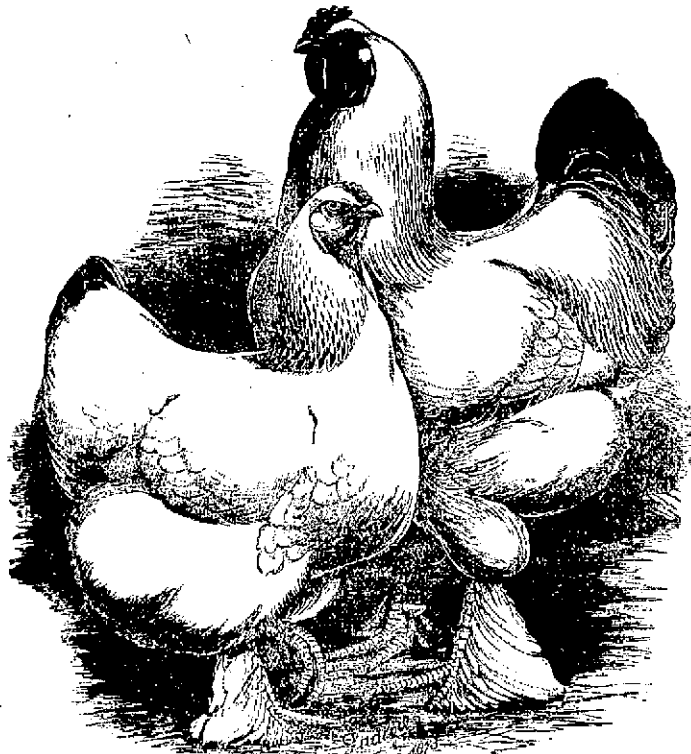
GOLDEN SEBRIGHT BANTAMS.



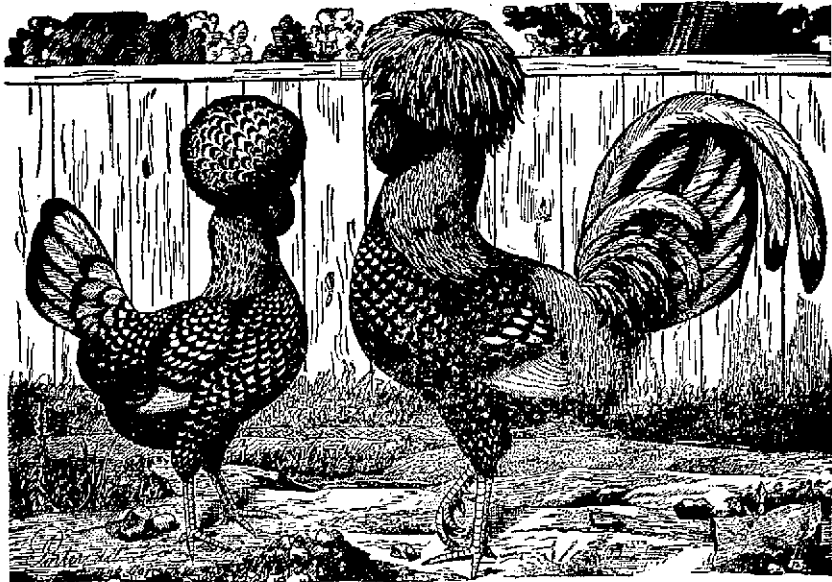
DARK BRAHMAS.



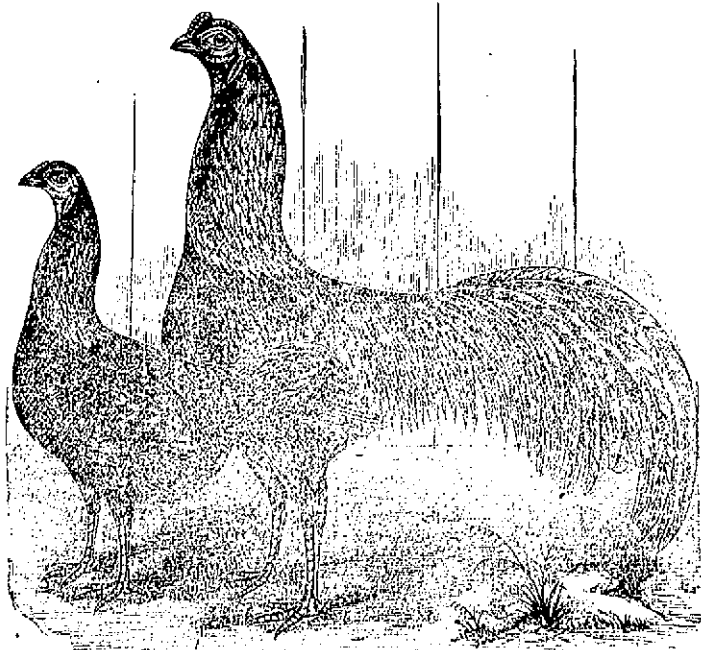
GOLDEN DUCKWING GAMES.



LIGHT BRAHMAS.



BEARDED SILVER SPANGLED POLISH.



BLACK SUMATRAS.

TALMAGE
Gentlemen, Fulfill Your Contract—Christian Marriage is an Affectional Bargain.
"Flirtation Has Its Origin Either in Dishonesty or Licentiousness"—A Sermon on "The Marriage Ring."
Preached February 7.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., February 7. —The Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage preached to-day in the Brooklyn Tabernacle, the fifth of his series of sermons on "The Marriage Ring," the subject being "Duties of Husbands to Wives." Before the sermon he explained the twenty-third chapter of Genesis, concerning Abraham's admiration of Sarah, her age, the only woman's age mentioned in the Bible, implying that iniquity was on that subject is an impertinence. The hymn sung was:

"Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love."

The text of the sermon was from Genesis xxix, 68: "And Isaac went out to meditate in the field at eventide: and he lifted up his eyes and saw, and, behold, the camels were coming." Following is the sermon in full:

A bridal pageant on the backs of camels! The camel is called the ship of the desert. Its swaying motion in the distance is suggestive of a vessel rising and falling with the billows. Though awkward, how imposing these creatures as they move along, whether in ancient or modern times, sometimes carrying four hundred or four thousand travelers from Baghdad to Aleppo, or from Bassora to Damascus. In my text comes a caravan. We notice the noiseless step of the broad foot, the velocity of motion, the gay equipage of saddle and girih and awning, sheltering the riders from the sun, and the hilarity of the mounted passengers, and we cry out: "Who are they?" Well, Isaac has been praying for a wife, and it is time he had one, for he is forty years of age; and his servant, directed by the Lord, has made a selection of Rebekah; and with her companions and maidens she is on her way to her new home, carrying with her the blessing of all her friends. Isaac is in the fields meditating upon his proposed passage from celibacy to monogamy. And he sees a speck against the sky, then groups of people; and after a while he finds that the grandest earthly blessing that ever comes to a man is approaching with this gay caravan. The drivers cry, "Kneel!" to the camels, and they kneel; and putting foot on the neck of the stooping beast the bride dismounts and greets the man who was as worthy of her as she was worthy of him. "And Isaac went out to meditate in the field at eventide; and he lifted up his eyes and saw, and, behold, the camels were coming."

In this fifth discourse on "The Marriage Ring," having spoken of the choice of a life-time companion, I take it for granted, oh, man! that your marriage was divinely arranged, and that the camels have arrived from the right direction and at the right time, bringing the one that was intended for your consort—a Rebekah, and not a Jezebel. I proceed to discourse as to how you should treat your wife; and my ambition is to tell you more plain truth than you ever heard in any three-quarters of an hour in all your life.

REALIZE YOUR RESPONSIBILITY.
First of all, I charge you realize your responsibility in having taken her from the custody, and care, and homestead in which she was once sheltered. What courage you must have had, and what confidence in yourself to say to her practically, "I will be to you more than your father and mother, more than all the friends you had or ever can have. Give up everything and take me. I feel competent to see you through life safely. You are an immortal being, but I am competent to defend you and make you happy. However bright and comfortable a home you have now, and though in one of the rooms is the arm-chair in which you rocked, and in the garret is the cradle in which you were hushed, and the trundle-bed in which you slept, and in the sitting-room are the father and mother who have got wrinkle-faced and stoop-shouldered and dim-sighted in taking care of you, yet you will do better to come with me." I am amazed that any of us ever had the sublimity of impudence to ask such a transfer from a home assured to a home conjectured and un-built.

You would think me a very daring and hazardous adventurer if I should go down to one of the piers on the North River, and at a time when there was a great lack of ship captains, and I should, with no knowledge of navigation, propose to take a steamer across to Glasgow or Havre, and say, "All aboard! Haul in the planks and swing out," and passing out into the sea, plunging through darkness and storm. If I succeeded in getting charge of one, that would be the ship that would never be heard of. But that is the boldness of every man that proffers marriage. He says: "I will navigate you through the storms, the cyclones, the fogs of a life-time. I will run clear of rocks and icebergs. I have no experience and I have no seaport, but all aboard for a voyage of a life-time! I admit that there have been ten thousand shipwrecks on this very route; but don't hesitate! Tally ho! There now! Don't cry! Brides must not cry at the wedding."

In response to this the woman, by her nature, practically says: "I have but one life to live, and I intrust it all to you. My arm is weak, but I will depend on the strength of yours. I don't know much of the world, but I rely on your wisdom. I put my body, my mind, my soul, my time, my eternity in your keeping. I make no reserve. Even my name I resign and take yours, though mine is a name that suggests all that was honored

in my father and all that was good in my mother, and all that pleasant in my brothers and sisters. I start with you on a journey which shall not part except at the edge of your grave or mine. Ruth, the Moabitess, made no more thorough self-abnegation than I make when I take her tremendous words, the pathos of which many centuries have not cooled: 'Entreat me not to leave thee or to return from following after thee, for whither thou goest I will go, and where thou lodgest I will lodge. Thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God. Where thou diest will I die, and there will I be buried. The Lord do so to me, and more also, if aught but death part thee and me.' Side by side in life, side by side in the burying-ground, side by side in heaven. Before God and man, and with my immortal soul in the oath, I swear eternal fidelity."

HOW OUGHT YOU TO TREAT HER?

Now, my brother, how ought you to treat her? Unless you are an ingrate infinite you will treat her well. You will treat her better than any one in the universe, except your God. Her name will have in it more music than in all that Chopin or Bach or Rheinberger composed. Her eyes, swollen with three weeks of night-watching over a child with scarlet fever, will be to you beautiful as a May morning. After the last rose petal has dropped out of her cheek, after the last feather of the raven's wing has fallen from her hair, after across her forehead and under her eyes and across her face there are as many wrinkles as there are graves over which she has wept, you will be able truthfully to say, in the words of Solomon's Song: "Behold, thou art fair!" And perhaps she may respond appropriately in the words that no one but the matchless Robert Burns could ever have found pen or ink of heart or brain to write:

"John Anderson, my Jo, John,
We plough'd the husbandry;
And mair ye canny day, John,
We're fa'd wi' anither."

Now we maun totter down, John,
For a' haud we've got;
And aye we'll sleep on the foot,
John Anderson, my Jo."

HER PROPERTY.

If any one assail her good name you will have hard work to control your temper, and if you should strike him down the sin will not be unpardonable. By as complete a surrender as the universe ever saw, except that of the Son of God for your salvation and mine, she has a first mortgage on your body, mind and soul, and the mortgage is foreclosed, and you do not more thoroughly own your eyes or your two hands than she owns you. The longer the journey Rebekah makes and the greater the risks of her expedition on the back of the camels, the more thoroughly is Isaac bound to be kind and indulgent and worthy.

Now, be honest and pay your debts. You promised to make her happy. Are you making her happy? You are an honest man in other things, and feel the importance of keeping a contract. If you have induced her into a conjugal partnership under certain pledges of kindness and valuable attention, and then have failed to fulfill your word, you deserve to have a suit brought against you for getting goods under false pretenses, and then you ought to be mulcted in a large amount of damages. Review now all the fine, beautiful, complimentary, gracious and glorious things you promised her before marriage, and reflect whether you have kept your faith. Do you say, "Oh, that was sentimentalism and romance and a joke," and that "they all talk that way?"

A SIMILAR JOKE.

Well, let that plan be tried on yourself! Suppose I am interested in Western lands, and I fill your mind with ruse and speculation, and I tell you that a city is already laid out on the farm that I propose to sell you, and that a new railroad will run close by and have a depot for easy transportation of the crops, and that eight or ten capitalists are going to put up fine residences close by, and that the climate is delicious, and that the ground, high up, gave no room for malaria, and that every dollar planted will grow up into a bush bearing ten or twenty dollars and my speech glows with enthusiasm, until you rush off with me to an attorney to have the deed drawn and the money paid down and the bargain completed. You can hardly sleep nights because of the Eldorado, the Elysium, upon which you are soon to enter. You give up your home at the East, you bid good-by to your old neighbors, and take the train, and after many days' journey, you arrive at a quiet depot from which you take a wagon thirty miles through the wilderness and reach your new place. You see a man seated on a wet log in a swamp and shivering with the fifteenth attack of chills and fever, and ask him who he is. He says: "I am a real estate agent, having in charge the property around here." You ask where the new depot is. He tells you that it has not yet been built, but no doubt will be if the company gets their bill for the track through the next Legislature. You ask him where the new city is laid out. He says, with chattering teeth: "If you will wait till this chill is over I will show it to you on the map. I have in my pocket." You ask him where the capitalists are going to build their fine houses, and he says: "Somewhere along those lowlands out there by those woods, when the water has been drained off." That night you sleep in the hut of the real estate agent, and though you pray for everybody else you do not pray for me. Being more fortunate than most men who go out in such circumstances, you have money enough to get back, and you come to me, and, out of breath in your indignation, you say: "You have swindled me out of everything. What do you mean in deceiving me about that Western property?" "Oh," I reply, "that was all right; that was sentimentalism and romance and a joke. That's the way they all talk."

But more excusable would I be in such deception than you, O man, who, by glow of words and personal magnetism,

induced a womanly soul into surroundings which you have taken no care to make attractive, so that she exchanged her father's house for the dismal swamp of married experience—treeless, flowerless, shelterless, comfortless and godless. I would not be half so much to blame in cheating you out of a farm as you in cheating a woman out of the happiness of a life-time.

KEEP YOUR WORD.

My brother, do not get mad at what I say, but honestly compare the promises you made and see whether you have kept them. Some of you spent every evening of the week with your betrothed before marriage, and since then you spend every evening away, except you have influenza or some sickness on account of which the doctor says you must not go out. You used to fill your conversation with interjections of adulations, and now you think it sounds silly to praise the one who ought to be more attractive to you as the years go by, and life grows in severity of struggle and becomes more sacred by the baptism of tears—tears over losses, tears over graves. Compare the way some of you used to come in the house in the evening, when you were attempting the capture of other affections, and the way some of you come into the house in the evening now. Then what politeness, what distillation of smiles, what graciousness, sweet as the peach orchard in blossom week.

Now some of you come in and put your hat on the rack and scowl, and say: "Lost money to-day!" and you sit down at the table and criticize the way food is cooked. You shove back before the others are done eating, and snatch up the evening paper and read, oblivious of what has been going on in that home all day. The children are in awe before the domestic autocrat. Bubbling over with fun, yet they must be quiet, and with healthful curiosity, yet they must ask no questions. The wife has enough annoyances in the nursery and parlor and kitchen, to fill her nerves with nettles and spikes. As you have provided the money for food and wardrobe, you feel you have done all required of you. Toward the good cheer and the intelligent improvement and the moral entertainment of that home, which, at the longest, can last but a few years, you are doing nothing. You seem to have no realization of the fact that upon these children will be grown up, or in their sequestered, and will be far removed from your influence, and that the wife will soon end her earthly mission, and that house will be occupied by others, and you yourself will be gone.

Gentlemen, fulfill your contracts. Christian marriage is an affectional bargain. In heaven lands a man wins his wife by achievements. In some countries wives are bought by the payment of so many dollars, as so many cattle or sheep. In one country a man gets on a horse and rides down where a group of women are standing, and seizes one of them by the hair, and lifts her struggling and resisting on his horse, and if her brothers and friends do not overtake her before she gets to the jungle she is his lawful wife. In another land the masculine candidate is beaten by the club of the one whom he would make his bride. If he cries out under the pounding, he is rejected. If he receives the blows uncomplainingly, she is his by right. Endurance and bravery and skill decide the marriage in barbarous lands, but Christian marriage is a voluntary bargain, in which you promise protection, support, companionship and love. Business men have in their fire-proof safes a file of papers containing their contracts, and sometimes they take them out and read them over to see what the party of the first part and the party of the second part really bound themselves to do. Different ministers of religion have their own peculiar forms of marriage ceremony, but if you have forgotten what you promised at the altar of wedlock you had better buy or borrow an Episcopal prayer-book, which contains the substance of all intelligent marriage ceremonies when it says: "I take thee to be my wedded wife, to have and to hold from this day forward, for better or for worse, for richer or for poorer, in sickness and in health, to love and to cherish till death us do part, according to God's holy ordinance, and thereto I pledge thee my troth." Would it not be a good idea to have that printed in tract form and widely distributed?

MARRIED PLANTS.

The fact is that many men are more kind to everybody else's wives than to their own wives. They will let the wife carry a heavy coal-scuttle upstairs, and will at one bound clear the width of a parlor to pick up some other lady's pocket-handkerchief. There is an evil which I have seen under the sun, and it is common among men, namely, husbands in flirtation. The attention they ought to put on their own wives they bestow upon others. They smile upon them coyly and askance and with a manner that seems to say, "I wish I was free from that old drudge at home. What an improvement you would be on my present surroundings!" And boquets are sent, and accidental meetings take place, and late at night the man comes to his prosaic home whistling and hilarious, and wonders that the wife is jealous. There are thousands of men who, while not positively immoral, need radical correction of their habits in this direction. It is meanly innumerable for a man by his behavior to seem to say to his wife: "You can't help yourself, and I will go where I please, and admire whom I please, and I defy your criticism."

Why did you not have that put in the bond, O domestic Shylocks? Why did you not have it understood before you were pronounced husband and wife that she should have only a part of the dividend of your affections; that when as the time rolled on and the cares of life had unsewed some of the bright lines from her face and given unwieldiness to her form, you would have the reserved right to pay obedience to checks more handsome and figure fatter and more agile? And as you demanded the last pound of patience and endurance on her part, you could, with the emphasis of an Edwin Forrest or a Macready, have

trapped the eccentric marriage document and have said: "It's in the bond!" If this modern Rebekah had understood beforehand where she was alighting she would have ordered the camel drivers to turn the caravan backward toward Padan-aram. Flirtation has its origin either in dishonesty or licentiousness. The married man who indulges in it is either a fraud or a rake. However high up in society such a one may be, and however sought after, I would not give a three-cent piece, though it had been three times clipped, for the virtue of either the masculine or feminine flirt.

GO HOME AND APOLOGIZE.

The most worthy thing for the thousand of married men to do is to go home and apologize for past neglects and brighten up their old love. Take up the family Bible and read the record of the marriage day. Open the drawer of relics and the box inside the drawer containing the trinkets of your dead child. Take up the pack of yellow-covered letters that was written before you became one. Rehearse the scenes of joy and sorrow in which you have mingled. Put all these things as fuel on the altar, and by a coal of sacred fire rekindle the extinguished light. It was a blast from hell that blew it out, and a gale from Heaven will fan it into a blaze.

Ye who have broken marriage vows, speak out! Take your wife into all your plans, your successes, your defeats, your ambitions. Tell her every thing. Walk arm-in-arm with her into places of amusement, and on the piazza of summer watering-places, and up the rugged way of life, and down through dark ravine; and when one trembles on the way let the other reinforcement. In no case pass yourself off as a single man, practicing gallantries. Do not, after you are fifty years of age, in ladies' society, try to look young-manish. Interfere not with your wife's religious nature. Put her not in that awful dilemma in which so many Christian wives are placed by their husbands, who ask them to go to places or do things which compel them to decide between loyalty to God and loyalty to the husband. Rather than ask her to compromise her Christian character, encourage her to be more and more a Christian, for there will be times in your life when you will want the help of all her Christian resources; and certainly, when you remember how much influence your mother had over you, you do not want the mother of your children to set a less gracious example. It pleases me greatly to hear the unconverted and worthy husband say about his wife, with no idea that it will get to her ears: "There is the most godly woman alive. Her goodness is a perpetual rebuke to my waywardness. Nothing on earth could ever induce her to do a wrong thing. I hope the children will take after her instead of after me. If there is any Heaven at all, I am sure she will go there."

JOIN YOUR WIFE.

Aye, my brother, do you not think it would be a wise and a safe thing for you to join her on the road to Heaven? You think if you have a happy home now, but what a home you would have if both were religious! What a new sacredness it would give to your material relation, and what a new light it would throw on the foreheads of your children! In sickness, what a comfort! In reverses of fortune, what a wealth! In death, what a triumph! God meant you to be the high priest of your household. Go home to-day and take the Bible on your hip, and gather all your family yet living around you, and those not living will hear of it in a flash, and as ministering spirit will hover—father and mother and children gone, and all your celestial kindred. Then kneel down, and if you can't think of a prayer to offer I will give you a prayer, namely: "Lord God I surrender to thee myself and my beloved wife and these dear children. For Christ sake forgive all the past and help us for all the future. We have lived together here; may we live together forever. Amen and amen!" Dear me! what a stir it would make among your best friends on earth and in Heaven!

Joseph II., the emperor, was so kind and so philanthropic that he excited the unbounded love of most of his subjects. He abolished serfdom, established toleration and lived in the happiness of his people. One day while on his way to Ostend to declare it a free port, and while at the head of a great procession, he saw a woman at the door of her cottage in dejection. The Emperor dismounted and asked her the cause of her grief. She said that her husband had gone to Ostend to see the Emperor and had declined to take her with him, for, as he was an alien, he could not understand her loyal enthusiasm, and that it was the one great desire of her life to see the ruler for whose kindness and goodness and greatness she had an unspeakable admiration; and her disappointment in not being able to go and see him was simply unbearable. The Emperor Joseph took from his pocket a box decorated with diamonds surrounding a picture of himself, and presented it to her, and when the picture revealed to whom she was talking, she knelt in reverence and clasped her hands in gladness before him. The Emperor took the name of her husband and the probable place where he might be found at Ostend, and had him imprisoned for the three days of the Emperor's visit, so that the husband returning home found that the wife had seen the Emperor while he had not seen him.

In many families of this earth the wife, through the converting grace of God, has seen the "King in his beauty," and he has conferred upon her the pearl of great price, while the husband is an alien from the covenant of promise, without God, and without hope in the world, and imprisoned in worldliness and sin! Oh, that they might arm in arm go this day and see Him who is not only greater and lovelier than any Joseph of earthly dominion, but "higher over all, in earth and air and sky." His touch is life. His voice is music. His smile is heaven.

SENATORS ON EXHIBITION.
It is astonishing the extent to which the senators pass for the galleries. There is one senator from the south who appears to make this almost the sole object of his service on the floor of the senate. He is dressed in a full black suit, with his frock coat buttoned across his breast. He strikes many attitudes, but he never relaxes one of them long at a time. He will sit in his own seat; then he will go into the lobby; soon he returns and walks back and forth behind the rows of benches; then he takes the seat of another senator; then he rises to promenade again. He seldom talks with other senators; he is just on exhibition. Another from the west is not so tall, so large, or so handsome, but he is almost equally conspicuous. He looks so different from the rest that the visitor's eye rests on him at once as it surveys the senate board, and generally the inquiry is made as to who he is.—Boston Herald.

Pure blood is absolutely necessary in order to enjoy perfect health. Hood's Sarsaparilla purifies the blood and strengthens the system.

Mr. Wm. H. Bennett will take possession of the postoffice at Bluffton this week.

"All Men are Liars."
said David of old. He was probably prompted to make the above remark after trying some unreliable catarrh remedy. Had he been permitted to live until the present day, and tried Dr. Sage's Remedy, he might have had a better opinion of mankind. We claim that no case of catarrh can withstand the magic effects of this wonderful medicine. One trial of it will convince you of its efficacy. By druggists; 50 cts.

The Quakers, of Wayne county talk of forming a league and becoming a power in politics.

Beware of Scrofula

Scrofula is probably more general than any other disease. It is insidious in character, and manifests itself in running sores, pustular eruptions, boils, swellings, enlarged joints, abscesses, sore eyes, etc. Hood's Sarsaparilla expels all trace of scrofula from the blood, leaving it pure, enriched, and healthy.

"I was severely afflicted with scrofula, and for over a year had two running sores on my neck. Took five bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla, and consider myself cured." O. E. LOVEJOY, Lowell, Mass.

C. A. Arnold, Arnold, Me., had scrofulous sores for seven years, spring and fall. Hood's Sarsaparilla cured him.

Salt Rheum

William Spies, Elyria, O., suffered greatly from crustacea and salt rheum, caused by handling lobsters. At times his hands would crack open and bleed. He tried various preparations without aid; finally took Hood's Sarsaparilla, and now says: "I am entirely well." "My son had salt rheum on his hands and on the calves of his legs. He took Hood's Sarsaparilla and is entirely cured." J. B. STANTON, Mt. Vernon, Ohio.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5. Made only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar.

Fruit House Bulletin

Great Reduction in Prices for 1886.

Goods are so low now that it can hardly be expected that there will be any further decline, so that those laying in full supplies will not likely be disappointed.

Coffee Down 2c, Tea Down 10c, Sugars Down 1-2c, Syrups Down 10c, Turkish Prunes Down 1c.

Best Rio Coffee down to 10c a pound; good Rio coffee down to 8c a pound; best Roasted Rio down to 12 1/2c a pound; Government Java, 20c; Roasted Java 25c.

TEAS Reduced in Proportion.

It is no more a luxury to buy Tea. When they were \$1 and \$2 per pound then of course the consumption of them was small, but now the price is so low that a good tea can be bought at 20c per pound then they come within the reach of all. We are enabled to sell so low simply in consequence of our immense trade. At times we sell two and three chests daily, and carrying direct of the importers and selling direct to the consumers, enables us to save our customers the profits of the jobber, speculator and wholesale merchant which is at least 10 to 20 per cent. Young Hyson, good, 20c; choice, 30c; best, 40c; Gunpowder, good, 30c; choice, 40c; best, 50c; Oolong or Black Tea, good, 30c; choice, 40c; best, 50c; Japan Tea, uncolored, 35c; choice, 40c; best, 50c; English Breakfast, good, 30c; best, 40c per pound.

SUGARS—White and Yellow, Down 1-2c.

Cut Leaf Sugar, 7 1/2c per pound; Powdered Sugar, 7 1/2c; Granulated, 7c; Coffee A, 6 1/2c; Coffee C White, 6c; choice New Orleans Yellow, 5c.

Syrups Reduced 10c a Gal.

Best Golden Syrup, 40c per gallon; best Sorghum, 40c per gallon; best New Orleans, Molasses, 30c.

SMOKED MEATS AND PICKLED PORKS.

Best sugar cured hams, 10c per pound; Sugar cured shoulders, 8c per pound; Pickled pork 6c per pound; Breakfast Bacon, best, 9c per pound.

SALT AND SMOKED FISH.

White Fish, 40c; White Fish in kits, \$1; Family White Fish, kits, 50c; Family White Fish, 40c; Blacker in kits, 60c; good, \$1; best, \$1.25; Cat Fish, kits, \$1; Cat Fish, 40c; Cat Fish, 40c.

Fish Oil, Lard Oil, Neats Foot Oil, Machine Oils and Head Light.

Neats Foot Oil, 50c gallon; Fish Oil, 70c gallon; Headlight oil, 12c gallon; machine Oil, dark, 20c gallon; Golden machine oil, 20c gallon.

WINES AND LIQUORS.

Old Whisky for medicinal use, \$2.50 per gallon; two-year old, \$1.75; one-year old, \$1.40; good new Whisky, \$1.60 and \$1 per gallon; California wine, Muscadine and Angelico, 40c bottle; Port Wine per gallon, \$1.25; gallon Catauba wine, \$1; gallon Old Tom Gin, 40c; bottle Canada malt, 30c.

Candies Down—Stick and Mixed Reduced 2c per Pound.

Pure Stick Candy, 10c per pound; French Mixed Candy, down to 10c; Nonpareils, 20c; Gum Drops, 10c; Turtles and Chocolate down to 15c per pound.

The Greatest Reduction of all is on Turkish Prunes.

Who ever heard of them selling at 10c per pound. The crop is so large that they don't pay freight at duty to ship to New York. The very best new fruit 4c per pound; new Valencia (Harris), 10c; pound; Seedless Sultanas (Harris), 12 1/2c; best Lehigh (Harris), 30c; new dried apples, 4c per pound; new dried peaches, 5c per pound.

CIGARS, PLUG AND SMOKING TOBACCOS.

Best Plug, 60c; Durham plug, 60c; Perfection plug, 35c; Hinawatha plug, 30c; Knights of Labor plug, 30c; Sweet Heart plug, 60c per pound. Fine Cut, 30, 40, 50, best 75c per pound. Smoking, 15c, 20c, 25c; best Durham, 40c per pound. Cigars, 15c per box; good cigars, 10c and \$1 per box.

Twenty-five cents (\$50) on the dollar saved by purchasing at the

FT. WAYNE FRUIT HOUSE.



ROYAL BAKING POWDER Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength, and wholesomeness. More so than the ordinary kinds, and can not be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight, alum or phosphate powder. Sold only in cans. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall-st., N.Y. may-2-dawly



THE LIGHT RUNNING SEWING MACHINE HAS NO EQUAL.

PERFECT SATISFACTION

New Home Sewing Machine Co. —ORANGE, MASS.—

30 Union Square, N.Y., Chicago, Ill., St. Louis, Mo., Atlanta, Ga., Dallas, Tex., San Francisco, Cal.

FOR SALE BY

P. McCULLOUGH, M. D.

T. P. & H. McCULLOUGH, PHYSICIANS.

Office 161 Harrison Street, Fort Wayne, Ind. Mar 2-18

THE CITY.

Frank Kincaid is the father of a nice little boy baby.

Judge R. S. Taylor will leave for Boston this evening.

Mayor Muhler and Chief of Police Diehl went to Toledo this morning.

George M. Heblison, night watchman of the Wabash yards, is on the sick list.

Mr. Frank Vogel, the merchant tailor, is again well and able to attend to business.

Mr. Peter D. Smyser came home yesterday from a business trip to Elton Rapids.

The little daughter of D. N. Williams, of Garden street, is seriously ill with lung fever.

Mrs. Howard Barnes left to-day for Detroit, after a pleasant visit with Mrs. R. L. Smith.

Sportsmen predict that the warm weather, if continued a little longer, will bring plenty of ducks.

Briel and Ortleib, the shippers, yesterday sold a spanking team of horses to Ex-Congressman Ryan for \$550.

Dink Trentman says he will wear the billiard championship badge just as soon as the next tournament is arranged.

Mrs. M. J. Brockerman has taken out a permit to erect a one-story frame house on lot 13, Bowersville addition, to cost \$300.

Mr. Tom Sullivan is at Indianapolis. He is adjutant general of the G. A. R., of this state, and will seek the place again.

Wm. Christie, of the Wabash, is quite ill. He is assisted to the extent of \$5 a week by the Wabash Mutual Benefit association.

The funeral of John Rehdert's child was not public, the little one being buried privately and funeral services held afterwards.

Hereafter any one taking away wood or lumber from the ruins of the St. Mary's Catholic church, without a permit, will be prosecuted.

Columbus Wilson, a Fort Wayne barber, created consternation by shooting into a crowd, at Chicago. The sport cost him \$10 in a Chicago justice court.

"Strathmore," the famous stallion, is at Henry Brown's Holman street barn for a brief time. Although twenty years old he looks every inch a six-year old.

The funeral of little Edward, youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. James McLane, of No. 247 Clay street, will take place to-morrow afternoon at 1:15 o'clock from the Cathedral.

The members of the agreeable Rathbone club have chosen these clever officers: H. C. Bates, president; A. Racine, vice-president; T. W. Blair, secretary, and H. C. Morehouse, treasurer.

The indications for the lower lake region, as reported by the weather bureau at Washington to The Sentinel, are as follows: Slightly colder, cloudy, weather, local rains, winds generally southwesterly.

Mrs. May Creighton, of this city, attended a very pleasant surprise party tendered her mother, Mrs. C. M. Alward, at Warsaw, Monday evening last. The occasion was Mrs. Alward's fifty-sixth birthday anniversary.

The Auxiliary Christian Woman's Board of Missions met at the home of the new president, Miss M. J. Swayne, No. 230 West Berry street, this afternoon at 2:30. The members read essays, listened to Bible readings, and sat to a toothsome luncheon.

The holidays come on the following days: Washington's birthday comes on Monday, All Fools' day Thursday, Memorial day Sunday, St. Patrick's day Wednesday, Fourth of July Sunday, Christmas on Saturday. Easter Sunday will fall on the 25th of April and Lent begins on March 10.

The pleasant weather yesterday brought out the street musicians. An accordion player sat on the postoffice steps, two Italian women turned organ handles on Calhoun street and in the afternoon a blind minstrel sang to an accompaniment from a hand organ. Such are the luxuries of spring time.

The I. B. & W. has served notice upon the central passenger committee at Indianapolis that it will not continue as a member unless the Lake Erie and Western, the Nickel Plate, and other lines now operating independent of the restrictions of the committee, come into the fold. The I. B. & W. claim that it is handicapped by the agreements in competing with these lines.

"It is said that some of the employees of the G. R. & I. have been dabbling in the tie trade, to the disgust of the farmers, and a meeting is to be held to take steps to inform the company of their acts. The farmers prefer selling their ties directly to the company, instead of giving the employees of the road from five to eight cents on the tie, to simply put their names on them," says the Portland Sun.

Mr. Frank Hawley, the attorney, is at Lagrange, on business.

Postmaster Ed. Finan has advertised for 15,000 railroad ties at Monroeville.

Miss Julia Burns has returned from a pleasant sojourn with friends in Pennsylvania.

The fine \$4,500 organ for the First Presbyterian church is expected next week.

The Wayne Township Reading Circle met at Township Trustee Gaffney's office last night.

The school superintendents and teachers of Northern Indiana are in convention at Laporte.

Prof. Fred Reinecke, leader of the famous Temple orchestra, is recovering from a severe illness.

Col. C. A. Zollinger, the state pension agent, was here for an hour yesterday attending to private business.

Louis Bender, a lad who lives on East Jefferson street, broke an arm yesterday at Davis Bros' establishment.

Dr. K. K. Wheelock entertained the chess club last night, at his pleasant office, above Thieme's drug store.

Fred C. Boltz yesterday received the list of the Louisiana lottery drawing and to-day was paying off small prizes.

D. M. Osborne & Co. have sued Frederick Heidbrink on attachment. Hon. W. G. Colerick is attorney for the plaintiffs.

Mrs. W. G. Smith, of East Jefferson street, is entertaining as her guest Miss Lizzie Anth, of Toledo, who will remain several weeks.

A United States pension agent has been the guest of the Windsor hotel for a few days past. His business here is strictly on the q. t.

Henry B. Ayres, a former Fort Wayne apothecary, has purchased Subroeder Bros' drug store, situated at the corner of Broadway and Washington streets.

Carl P. Swain has transferred his interest in the City Bill Posting company to Col. G. Conkling Richards. The warring season for this business is opening.

Miss Lou Miller, of 278 West Jefferson street, pleasantly entertained a large company of friends last evening in honor of her brother's eighteenth birthday anniversary.

Mr. and Mrs. B. H. Visger, of this city, will shortly move to Springfield. Mr. Visger will represent the Drummond Tobacco company, of St. Louis, throughout Missouri and the Indian territory.

The wheat looks well, but from now until the 1st of April is a trying time for the wheat crop. The freezing and thawing in February and March and the enterprising reporter kills the winter wheat in this latitude.

Dr. G. W. McCaskey is now ensconced in pleasant quarters at Mordhurst's "Oriental" drug store. The doctor occupies an entire floor and, besides his office, is arranging a complete suite of oriental bath rooms.

Dr. Talmage's sermon, published in The Sentinel to-day, treats of "The Duty of Husbands to Wives." As all the wives will be sure to read it, the husbands who desire to be ready for the debate will wisely read it also.

"Mrs. President J. H. Smart, assisted by other ladies, is forming a ladies' literary club, from which the gentlemen are to be excluded, for an extensive study of English literature and kindred topics," says the Lafayette Courier.

The three-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. George Huber died this morning of brain fever. The funeral will take place from the family residence, 111 Wells street, on Sunday afternoon at 1 o'clock. Services will be held at St. Mary's Chapel.

"Miss Ada Tooley, of Fort Wayne, has been spending the week with Miss Melissa McGouley, of this city. While here Miss Ada has been enjoying herself very well, at least one would be led to judge so from her pleasant appearance," says the Decatur Democrat.

The Wabash and L. N. A. & C. people are in another squabble over the dilatoriness of the Wabash to do the switching service of the L. N. A. & C. at Indianapolis. The latter claim that they are duly looking business through the failure of the Wabash to place cars on side tracks to be loaded.

"Miss Alice Coombs, of Fort Wayne, is teaching a class of painting in this city. Her class meets at the residence of Duke Stoops every Saturday morning and afternoon. Miss Coombs is recognized as an artist of rare ability and those desiring to learn the art of painting will do well to embrace this opportunity of taking lessons," says the Decatur Democrat.

"A party of young folks from Fort Wayne came here Saturday evening for the purpose of having a social dance at the residence of A. Kohne, south of this city. There were twelve couples, and they came in a band wagon and made their own music. When they drove through town they were mistaken for the Lighthouse gang, and resembled that body very much—leaving out the diamonds. They had a good time and enjoyed themselves well," says the Decatur Democrat.

The poultry show will close next Wednesday.

Mr. John C. Peters went to Antwerp, Ohio, this morning.

Rose Morrison has been discharged from the state asylum as cured.

Joseph Oppenheimer and Frida Weiler have been licensed to wed.

Mr. Thomas Hamilton, of New Haven, was in the city this morning, and gave The Sentinel a pleasant call.

The case of John Dreibeltius vs. John Gladstone has been appealed from Justice Hays to the circuit court.

Jack Hamilton, a former Wabash workman, was arrested for drunkenness last night, and gave bail this morning.

Henry Colerick, C. M. Dawson, Samuel M. Hench, W. S. Oppenheim, William Friend, C. L. Olds, of Fort Wayne, were at the Grand Hotel, Indianapolis, yesterday.

William Kindt buried one of his children yesterday and this morning another child died from cramps, adding to the grief of the family. The funeral occurs next Monday afternoon.

David N. Foster, commander of the Grand Army of the Republic, is at Indianapolis, stopping at the Grand Hotel, and will remain there until after the annual encampment next week.

Rev. Mr. Paynter has closed a most marvelous Bible reading service at the Second Presbyterian church and left this afternoon for Warsaw, where the prayers and well-wishes of grateful christians follow him.

Farmers who have invested in Bohemian oats in this county are preparing to resist payment of notes, on the ground that the alleged association is not redeeming their surplus grain as per agreement. Mr. J. M. Robinson tells us that a dozen farmers have already engaged attorneys.

"The argument on the appeal in the case of William Boyle, the Allen county murderer, sentenced to life imprisonment was heard in the supreme court yesterday. When first tried Boyle was sentenced to be hanged, but was granted a new trial because the supreme court believed the evidence did not justify the death penalty," says the Indianapolis Journal.

Mrs. Elizabeth Brames, mother of William and Louis Brames, died last evening, at 9:30 o'clock, at her residence, 188 East Jefferson street. Her age was 75, and her death was due to infirmities incident to her advanced years. The funeral will take place on Monday morning, at 10 o'clock, from the Cathedral. Friends of the family are invited to attend without further notice.

Judge Walker yesterday at Indianapolis issued a restraining order, at the instance of John T. Dickson, against Isaac Morris, prohibiting him from removing, selling or otherwise disposing of the property belonging to Professor Morris' Equine and Canine Paradox. It is made returnable February 15. The suit grows out of partnership differences that arose when the Equine Paradox showed at the Temple in this city.

"TRIAL BY JURY."

"Uncle Tom" Before a Tribunal in Justice France's Temple.

The attachment suit of Van Eszen against Manager Maxwell, of the "Uncle Tom" party, was not compromised yesterday, as The Sentinel anticipated, but instead, the contestants agreed to leave the matter to a jury. Captain Diehl having abandoned the suit, Constable McCann was ushered into service and soon had the following twelve "good and true" men seated on wooden benches against the north and west walls of Justice Harry France's court room: George Haskell, Pat Golden, George Stanb, Moore Sultenfield, Joe Lumbard, J. B. Pierson, F. H. Wehnker, Robert Shaffer, Dave Brown, J. Kritzer, Wm. Hagan and George Benson.

This tribunal had to listen to the story of "Uncle Tom," "Eva," "Topsy" and "Eliza," as Judge Sinclair unraveled it with dramatic effect. He defamed the dogs, characterized them as "sheep dogs," and leaping from chair to chair depicted "Eliza's" flight over cakes of ice across the river. This sort of business the jury stood, and then Mr. Phil Colerick proceeded to enlighten the citizen jurors how the dogs contributed to the success of the show, read extracts from papers styling them "stars" and dazzled the assembly with eloquence. The case is still undecided and will likely run into the night.

The Deaths of a Week.

These deaths occurred in Fort Wayne this week:

Ira Fox, three years old, lung fever; Wm. I. Bailey, fifty years, typhoid fever; Rosa Stutzenberger, infant, exhaustion; Joseph Miller, three years, lung fever; Elizabeth Brames, seventy-two years, old age; child of G. Huber, 3 years, fever; Mary Siebold, 30 years, purpura fever; Anna Kindt, three months, bronchitis; Caroline Kindt, three years, cramps; Fred Rahdert, four years, scarlet fever; W. Miller, five years, typhoid fever; Edward McLane, one year, six months, inflammation of lungs; John Walker, forty-two years, congestion of the lungs.

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

How the Custom of Sending Gifts Grew to Its Present Favor.

To-morrow is St. Valentine's day, and millions will worship the old "Bishop," as historians painted him. He is the disciple of Cupid, and is reputed to have poured any amount of oil on the troubled waters of many a love-sick swain, and whether he was a bishop or not has obviously very little to do with the case. That he was a saint, and that as such he smiled on the divine passion, aiding and abetting young lovers so far as lay in his power, is a fact that is tenderly chronicled of the venerable gentleman whose spirit continues to preside over the world every year, on the 14th of February.

The question of choosing loves of St. Valentine's festival grew directly out of the fact of the good saint's possessing such winning love and kindness. None could look upon him and decide to live alone. The innate sweetness of his countenance streamed like a glory upon all those with whom he came in contact. The Roman matrons and their daughters must have looked with longing eyes upon this living figure of love.

There was a practice prevalent in Rome at the festival of the Lupercalia, when the names of young women were placed in a box, from which they were taken by young men who drew them solely by chance. This was considered a pagan ceremony, the early pastors endeavoring to break it up, but failing in the attempt.

Early valentines were sent in the form of gifts, such as garters, gloves and jewelry. For many years comic valentines have been regularly sent over the country as a means of burlesquing personal peculiarities, or of perpetrating practical jokes.

As for love breathing valentines, they have been manufactured of lace paper for years, some of them being very exquisite in their way, but they are now quite de trop, having been succeeded by beautiful chromo picture cards, which are now all the rage. In the rural districts lovers continue to send their Dulcinea gifts, such as ribbons and gloves, on St. Valentine's day, but city customs have set the mode at exquisite picture cards, nothing else being considered stylish or in good taste.

THE FIRST STEP

In the Training of Young Converts by One of Our City Pastors.

The editor of the Christian Herald, one of the leading Baptist papers in this country, sent a request to Rev. S. A. Northrop, of this city, to furnish his views on what should be the first steps in the training of young converts. He replied as follows:

1. The pastor should see that each one has a reference Bible. Teach how to use it. Have Bible readings for them.
2. Place in their hands denominational "Articles of Faith." Encourage familiarity with cardinal doctrines. Have them study proof-texts, that they may be ready to give a reason of the hope that is in them.
3. The committee on reception of members should never be a standing committee, not always adapted to every case; this committee should continue after the convert's baptism to look after their spiritual welfare.
4. Pastors and deacons and their wives should know the peculiar surroundings of young converts; have their names, street and number of residence (if in a city) printed on a card, to be used by the membership for immediate calling.
5. I would suggest that during the first months of christian life the pastor give them an hour weekly, training them in clearer views of faith and practice, duty and responsibility, benevolence and missions; teach loyalty to Christ and His church; that they are saved to serve; induce them in these convert meetings to witness for their Master, and to pray, though but in broken sentences. Fellowship with those who have been led to Christ at the same season gives inspiration for development and christian endeavor in the new life.
6. After a special work of grace, an "Introduction Social" affords excellent opportunity for the membership to become personally acquainted with the newcomers. At once they see the blessings of a church home. Their spiritual life, by healthy social influences, is stimulated. "Rise be the tie that binds."
7. Invite those below thirty-five years of age to become members of the Young People's Society, for spiritual intellectual and social improvement. Put the young men converts on a program (have it printed on a neat folder) to lead the spiritual meetings of the society. I would place their names at the latter part, so that they may learn and see how the older ones lead. The pastor should give them aid on the subject they are to talk about, at least a week before they are to lead the meeting.

Experience vs. Inexperience.

It is a matter of regret that in introducing Hood's Sarsaparilla its proprietors are obliged to overcome a certain distrust by some people who have unfortunately bought worthless compounds mixed by persons ignorant of pharmacy. Messrs. C. I. Hood & Co. are reliable pharmacists of long experience, and they make no claims for Hood's Sarsaparilla which cannot be substantiated by the strongest proof. And we say to those who lack confidence, read the unalloyed testimonials in favor of Hood's Sarsaparilla and then prove its merits by actual personal test. We are confident you will not be disappointed, but will find it a medicine of great value, which can be implicitly relied upon. 100 doses \$1.

THE WAY TO CHURCH.

Remember the Sabbath Day and Keep it Holy.

Take your wife and little ones and go to church.

Do not fail to read Talmage's sermon. It is good from beginning to end.

All parties interested in liberal christianity are requested to meet at Temperance headquarters, at 10:30 to-morrow morning.

Second Presbyterian church: Services by the pastor at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 2 p. m. You are welcome at all these services.

Berry street M. E. church: Services by the pastor at 10:30 a. m. Sabbath school at 2 p. m. Revival service in the evening. Strangers always welcome.

There will be services at the Wayne street M. E. church to-morrow at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sabbath school at 2 p. m. F. G. Browne, pastor. All are cordially invited.

Services at Grace Reformed church, conducted by the pastor. Morning subject: "Double Mindedness." Evening subject: "The First Table of the Law." You are kindly invited.

"The Voice of God from the Railroad Train" is the topic of Secretary D. F. Moore's address at the R. R. Y. M. C. A. rooms to-morrow at 2:30, standard. Railroad men especially invited. All others welcome.

Trinity M. E. church, north side, services to-morrow morning and evening. Subject of morning sermon: "Wisdom vs. Money." Young people's service in the evening. Sunday school at 2:30 p. m. All are cordially invited.

Trinity church, Rev. W. N. Webb, pastor; services to-morrow at 10:15 a. m. Subject: "Religious Excitement and Insanity." Evening subject: "What is Catholicism and What is Romanism?" Sunday school at 2:30 p. m.

Services at the Baptist church at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. to-morrow. It will be a grand day for the congregation. Revival services of the coming week will continue from the evening service. You and yours are always welcome at this church. Come.

Services at Simpson M. E. church to-morrow: At 9:30 general class; at 10:30, short sermon followed by baptizing and receiving members; Sunday school at 2:30; at 7:30 song service, short sermon and after meeting. Elder Meredith will be present in the evening. A cordial welcome to all.

The Berry street M. E. Sunday school is in a flourishing condition and the attendance is increasing rapidly. There are classes for old people, young men and young ladies as well as children, all under most competent teachers. You are cordially invited to join this school, which meets at 2 p. m. every Sunday.

Thieves at Work.

Night before last a sneak thief got into the residence of Charles Wabbel, on West Jefferson street, near Broadway. The children of the household discovered the intruder and he fled without booty.

Last night a thief strived to force an entrance into Markey & Mongoven's grocery, on Calhoun street. He broke the front window, but the police were too numerous for further work.

Real Estate Transfers.

Olds Bros., real estate agents, room No. 8, Foster block, report the following recorded real estate transfers:

Hattie T. Tolm to Edward N. Davenport, by warranty deed, part of lot 40, Hanna's addition, for \$2,700.

Benjamin F. Gouty to Sophia Felger, by warranty deed, lot 51, Rockhill's second addition, for \$800.

The constitution, by-laws and roster of the Thirteenth Indiana Veteran association has been printed and can be had by any one enclosing a two-cent stamp to George E. Lowry, Indianapolis Ind.

GUMPPER.

Artnickles, German, Lion and all brands of package coffees, 124 cents per pound.

All California 3 pound canned fruits, 20c.

Standard Flour, \$4.50 per barrel.

Sugar Cured Hams, 10c per pound.

Sugar Cured Breakfast Bacon, 10c per pound.

Armon's Boneless Hams, 10c per pound.

Sugar Cured Shoulders, 6c per pound.

Lard, 7c per pound.

Granulated Sugar, 7c per pound.

Confectioner's A Sugar, 6c per pound.

Extra C Sugar, 6c per pound.

per package.

Three-pound Bar Mammoth Soap, 10c per box.

Babbitt's Best Soap, 6c per cake.

Babbitt's 1776 Washing Powder, 6c per package.

Carolina Rice, 5c per pound, at the

Kestown,

240 Calhoun street.

8-11

Henry W. Bond, wholesale dealer in Flour, Chop Feed, Bread, Cakes and Confectionary and manufacturer of Bond's Boston Brown Bread Meal, will on and after Feb. 15, occupy No. 224 Calhoun street, between Douglas Avenue and Brackenridge street, with a large supply of the above. I solicit the patronage of my present customers and all others who may find the new stand convenient, and will furnish them with the best goods in the market, at the lowest prices. HENRY W. BOND. 101f

AH! THERE, WILLIE!

Miss Lona Battles, a Wayward Lass, Seeks the Poor-House for Shelter.

A pretty young woman stepped into Trustee Gaffney's office, and with trembling voice asked public charity. The officer questioned her, and amid blushes she said she had fled from Anzora, Ill., to escape the wrath of her papa, who is a retired merchant and quite wealthy. The young woman had been deceived by Wm. Baker, an attorney of Anzora, who refused to wed her as oft he whispered he would into her ear. Mr. Gaffney advised her to return home, but later the girl applied at the city hospital, without success, however, and at last she started toward Dr. Thayer's hospital. She is soon to become a mother.

THE GREATEST AT WORK.

Trying to Get Into the Great Agricultural Circuit.

The Northern Indiana Fair association, of this city, is already a member of the Western Trolling circuit. The officers of the association are now making a desperate effort to become a member of the big agricultural circuit. This circuit includes such fairs as the Columbus, Ohio, State fair, the Michigan State fair, the Missouri State fair and the Indiana State fair. It is considered the strongest agricultural circuit in the United States. The circuit was completed and made up for this year at a meeting at Indianapolis a short time ago, and President Lockhart, of Waterloo, head of the state fair, was made president of the circuit. It now seems that the Grand Rapids date does not correspond with the date selected for them by the circuit and they desire another date. The circuit refused to grant this request and Grand Rapids stepped down and out. There is now a rush by fair associations for the place made vacant by the withdrawal and it is a difficult thing to tell what association will be admitted. The president and treasurer are at Waterloo to-day, making a strong appeal for the Fort Wayne association.

TRIBUNE OF THE ENGLISH PRESS.

The aptest comparison for English society is perhaps to be found in the prefecture of police in Paris. In that famous detective repository there exists a complete dossier of all who are and who are likely to become criminals. Everything which concerns them is carefully recorded. But the individuals are treated with the greatest consideration until they make themselves amenable to law. In the same way society in England has the dossier of all its members. The contents of these documents do not prejudice it against them, nor are they held really to have incriminated themselves until they are arraigned before the tribunal of the English press.

Formerly this press was looked upon by the governing classes as a great political engine. It has now become the custodian and inquisitor of our whole social system, the censor of our homes, and the critic of our hearts. It brings all offending Britons, however lofty their degree, before that which they really most dread, the great jury of their fellow-countrymen. No wonder, therefore, that the publicity of which it is the instrument is dreaded and detested by those whom it concerns.—Fortnightly Review.

"Thus am I doubly armed—my death and life,

My hand and antidote are both before me."

Whether to sit alone suffering with neuralgia,

Or buy one bottle of Salvation Oil.

Annual Meeting.

The annual meeting of the church and congregation of the First Presbyterian church will be held next Monday evening, Feb. 15, at 7:30 o'clock, for the purpose of electing seven trustees for the ensuing year and for such other business as shall be lawfully transacted.

FRED J. HATDEN, Sec'y.

A Sore Throat or Cough, if suffered to progress, often results in an incurable throat or lung trouble. "Brown's Bronchial Troches" give instant relief.

Pyke's Grocery,

80 Calhoun Street.

Finest Coffees Roasted Fresh every day.

TEAS

English Breakfast,

Formosa Oolong,

Young Hyson,

Japan Fried,

No finer goods to be found in any market.

Fine groceries and Bottle Wines always on hand.

Aug 5-17

PORT—On Tuesday, a small black and tan terrier. The finder will be suitably rewarded by leaving him at the residence of H. J. Trentman, 175 Clinton street.